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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Almost to the last some people were hoping the Conference might go the way of the angels. But it has gone, after all, the way of the Irish. We were impressed at hearing a leader of thought and action on the Unionist side say a few days ago, "Ireland is going to be a tremendously important question again directly". He was right—Home Rule, whatever Mr. O'Brien may say to the contrary, is very shortly the issue to be forced to the front. A large number of the Irish peasants and farmers may not be so eager about Home Rule as of old, for now they have their land—which they never believed they would get; but not the less the existence of the Redmondites depends on the Home Rule cry, and the existence of the Government depends on the Redmondites. England—"the predominant partner"—is ruled largely by Scotsmen, and they are at the mercy of Ireland.

Of course we can all agree that a good settlement of the Irish question would have been a great thing—so would a good settlement of the tariff question and the suffrage question and the Labour question: and there is no harm in talking in an amiable and generous way about our opponents—quite the contrary indeed. But we must say that the gush about Ireland that has been poured out lately by certain excited zealots is somewhat too absurd. There seems to be a regular weekly tide in the affairs of some of our friends that leads on to mawkishness. A little of the hysteria of imperialism goes a long way. Up till a few days ago there really were quite a number of enthusiasts who imagined that the dying mouse of the Conference was about to bring forth a mountain—federation throughout the Empire.

Equally absurd has been all the talk about Home Rule all round. This stale and utterly discredited idea

was ridiculed and put aside twenty years ago even by strong Radicals. It was toyed with a little in the days when Mr. Ellis was nicknamed the Parnell of Wales, and we believe there were a few cranks who pictured a Parliament for Scotland—has not the Isle of Wight or the Isle of Dogs indeed been mentioned in the same way? It is odd that all this playing at politics should have arisen out of a very grave and critical Conference over the English Constitution.

Probably the only sure way to secure the secrecy of the Conference to the last would have been to lock up the eight in a room by themselves and not suffer them to see anyone—much less see a newspaper—till they ended their work. Unhappily, agreeing on a verdict in a constitutional case is far harder than agreeing on a verdict in a criminal case. And this Conference has been spread over such a space of time that it was inevitable its secrets should begin to creep out towards the close. The door, we suppose, was left ajar by accident. It did not greatly matter as it happened, for virtually the Conference had ended at about the time its proceedings began to be reported.

But in one or two matters there has been a slight want of decorum. If Mr. Masterman was not authorised by the Cabinet to announce in so many words on Wednesday that the Conference must come to nought because Liberalism was Liberalism and Conservatism Conservatism, he was surely guilty of "a blazer". Saying this the very day when Mr. Asquith was still speaking words of some hope, Mr. Masterman was clearly going too far. Why did he not months ago tell his colleagues that they were on a wild-goose chase, "Liberalism being Liberalism and Conservatism Conservatism"? That he has proved right is no excuse.

It is rather singular that it should have been left for a Liberal journalist to give away in a lesser Liberal newspaper an outline of what is rather absurdly termed the "Deadlock Committee"—a committee of members of both Houses formed to discuss Bills about which Lords and Commons might at any time differ sharply. How did this journalist come by his news? To-day there are, we all know, two distinct schools of

Cabinet Ministers and party leaders: one is so old-fashioned that it still scarcely knows how things get into the newspapers. It is a very, very small school to-day; still it has a few representatives left on both sides. The other is composed of leaders who may be said to have a newspaper man with his "flimsies", short-hand note-books and telegraphic press-forms in their pockets. In France a rising or risen statesman has his own newspaper—with us he has his own journalist instead.

Mr. Asquith at the Guildhall need hardly have put the Persian position, or more strictly this country's attitude to Persia, so gingerly. If ever a Great Power was justified in saying it would take action unless order was established, this country is in Persia. Also it is foolish to go out of your way to pledge the future. Egypt ought to have taught British statesmen that. The Guildhall banquet is a classical non-party meeting, and Mr. Asquith was steering too near to the wind in giving an account of trade statistics fitted very nicely to the Free Trade case. The suggestion he was making all the time was obvious. He did well to allude to the Welsh riots and to adopt a different tone from Mr. Churchill's message. By the way, it is a pity the Lord Chief Justice, speaking for the majesty of the law, could not say a word about turning the Old Bailey, during murder trials, into a place of entertainment. His hosts, the Corporation, would have felt the point of the allusion.

Lord Alverstone, by the way, made an extraordinary statement in his speech. We can say at the present time, he remarked, that no longer are the law's delays made the subject of adverse comment as they used to be in the olden times. If the law's delays have been made the subject of abundant adverse comment in recent days, what is the point of the remark? It is well known they have. Why two new judges? Why the Commission to investigate the complaints? Very lately an Attorney-General said the condition of the Courts was a scandal and a denial of justice. The Bill for additional judges was opposed because it was thought other reforms necessary to supplement this small remedy would be shelved. They had to be promised to get it through. In the present position of politics they appear likely once more to be put off indefinitely, and Lord Alverstone's complacent comment will appear ludicrous.

Tariff Reformers are making a strong attack upon Lancashire. Lancashire has boasted openly that the country will abandon Free Trade when Lancashire is tired of it—not before. This, in a sense, is true. Lancashire is the centre of a great industry, and Lancashire must certainly be won. Tariff Reformers are this week making the grand assault. On Tuesday Mr. Bonar Law in an able speech attacked the enemy on their own ground. He talked of cotton and little else. A number of Lancashire people have made up their minds that the welfare of the cotton industry is bound up with the policy of free imports all round. Mr. Bonar Law maintained the cotton industry did not grow by Free Trade, nor does it live by Free Trade to-day.

The really disturbing thing about our trade to-day is that we tend to export more and more of the unfinished product and to buy it back again in a finished state. Mr. Bonar Law put this rather well in his speech. The chief object of Tariff Reform on its industrial side is to encourage the import of the raw product, and at the same time to discourage the import of the finished material. At present we are exporting cotton and yarn and raw iron. We are buying them back as cloth or finished steel. Tariff Reformers want to turn this as far as possible the other way. The point is not sufficiently urged or understood. The Tariff Reformer does not want to keep goods out. He

wants to get in more than ever, but to change their character.

The strike riots in Wales turned into war—hard fighting and looting, with large numbers left wounded on the ground. This could and would have been prevented had the Home Office sent a force strong enough to keep order earlier. But Mr. Churchill the demagogue was too much for the Home Secretary. He shrank from the unpopularity of sending soldiers to keep Radical and Socialist miners in order. Instead of sending troops he sent assurances of friendship and implores the naughty rioters to be good and not to give trouble. Well, no parsnips were buttered but heads were broken. It is easy for heads to be broken when Welshmen take to rioting. The anti-tithe riots showed that. An old soldier—a Crimean veteran—afterwards in the police force, said that in the whole Crimean campaign he had known nothing more trying than the fighting with the Welsh rioters. Once it breaks loose the Celtic nature seems to go mad. Why did not Mr. Lloyd George go and cool down his compatriots? It is more his way to stir them up.

The boilermakers still refuse to allow their leaders any authority to treat on their behalf. It was hoped that the men who did not vote in the first ballot would declare themselves in the second, and vote for peace. But the vote of "no addresses" was carried the second time by a majority nearly nine times as great. The distress will soon be extreme. The allied industries will suffer as time goes on, and the yards may have to be closed altogether. Nor is it possible to see an end to the position. The employers hold to their original demand: they are quite ready, but—since the men refuse to be represented—there is no one with whom they can treat.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald presided on Thursday at a Conference of Trade Unions at Caxton Hall. The Conference met to resolve that the Osborne judgment was the question of the day. Mr. Asquith, they decided, must be bearded at once; and it was understood that Mr. Asquith was pleased that this should be. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in his opening speech, took Mr. Frederic Harrison severely to task for his recent letter to the "Times." Mr. Harrison has clearly hit them hard. Mr. MacDonald's was a noble effort—nobler than we expect of him. "When did the sick, the injured, the dying, the widow, the underfed child, the unemployed, find friends in the House of Commons to stand by them until the Labour Party did?" This kind of thing must be something of an effort for Mr. MacDonald. On this occasion he did it rather well; but in future he should leave it to the others.

The Duke of Connaught has had a great personal triumph in South Africa. His presence and the keen interest he has taken in all he has been called upon to do have added considerably to the significance of the King's Message read at the opening of the Union Parliament. The Duke has been accessible to Briton, to Dutchman and to native alike, and what can be done to promote the better relations of the two white races he has done. The Duke, utmost urbanity notwithstanding, has not made the mistake of attempting to veil the character of an unhappy past. The speech in Cape Town on Saturday last was almost daring in some of its allusions. The Dutch and the British have made South Africa what it is, and as examples of the great men on both sides, the Duke took Cecil Rhodes and Van Riebeck. Not a word of Kruger. There are some things more pointed unsaid than said, and this was one of them. South Africa will understand.

Canada and the United States are at last in conference. Conference has been toward since the spring of this year, when Canada and the United States threatened each other with a tariff war. America is more than ever eager to make a reciprocal treaty with Canada. The question for Canada and the Empire is whether her natural products are to be drawn South to

American markets or to be drawn over the Atlantic to Great Britain. America is ready to bargain: we are not. For the present, Canadian feeling is thoroughly loyal to the Empire and dead against a reciprocal arrangement with America. The present conference is already provoking a round of protest from public men and public bodies in the Dominion. It must be a little humiliating to British Free Traders to perceive how extremely hollow the Free Trade cry is in Canada. As soon as it is put really to the touch Sir Wilfrid Laurier has to show himself the Imperialist.

Canada has the upper hand; and, for the present, she can afford to wait for Imperial preference. The United States cannot force her to make terms. They cannot do without the natural products of the Dominion and the bargain will not be in their favour. It is difficult to see what Canada can give. She will not give free coal; she will not reduce the duty on manufactures; nor will she remove the embargo on pulpwood. Pulpwood is important. The United States thought too late of "conservancy". They have wastefully used up their forests and are now depending on Canada to supply them. One thing is certain about the conference—Canada will not bind herself to any agreement that will bar the way to Imperial preference. Also the crisis is not yet. The Governments may agree through their men: Congress is another matter. It is at least a year before anything can come of this discussion.

How are the mighty fallen in America! Certainly a nipping frost has taken Mr. Roosevelt, but whether he need bid more than a temporary farewell to all his greatness is yet to see. This is his first beating, and he cannot complain that fortune has used him badly. Neither should he be surprised if there is less sympathy with him in adversity than with some. The dominating, pushful, successful hustler has too little regard for those whom in his passage he overturns to expect much sorrow when his turn comes to be tripped up. Mr. Roosevelt's experience would be incomplete and one-sided without a failure. His education is being finished. And he has kept his retreat open. Does he not fall a martyr to reform? If he had chosen to remain apart, the retired warrior, would he not be Cincinnatus now? All Republicans would say, if only Roosevelt had been there, we should not have lost. But he must face the music, and the music has drowned him.

Poor Mr. Taft is in a bad way indeed. Mr. Roosevelt has spoilt his game utterly. One rather thinks of Mr. Roosevelt as giving Mr. Taft away shabbily; but is it that Mr. Taft was giving away Mr. Roosevelt? Did Mr. Roosevelt put Mr. Taft in the Presidency to act as warming-pan till he could decently stand again? It certainly was Mr. Roosevelt who put him in, and maybe he thinks it ungrateful of Mr. Taft to want to stand himself. Any way no one need envy Mr. Taft his task for the next two years. To carry on the government of a country after the country has declared dead against you is more than any man ought to be asked to do. No doubt his statesmanship may be just as sound as if he had the country's confidence; but he has lost authority. Under a so-called representative system the position is a false one.

To the outsider a change like this is always interesting. There is the charm of new men and the hope of new ideas. It is so many years since the Democrats have had a chance that the very sporting aspect of the matter makes one rather glad they have won. Especially when it is difficult to find any difference in principle between Republicans and Democrats, though, as far as that goes, a foreigner seldom can perceive much difference in merit between the political parties of any country. But some of the new men have a certain attraction. Mr. Woodrow Wilson, the new Governor of New Jersey, is of a higher type

than American politics has usually had use for. To this country, of course, the tariff question is of most concern. Will a Democratic Government, which these elections probably mean two years hence, so lower the tariff as to give British exports to America a fair chance?

M. Briand's reduced majority of eighty-seven suggests that he and his new Ministry are hardly in a secure position. Before he recast his Government he obtained majorities often twice as great on questions of confidence. He has rather given away his own pose as "Saviour of Society". The shedding of the Socialist and Radical-Socialist members of his Cabinet looked as if he intended to free himself from embarrassing company and rally the Conservative forces without hesitation. But the inclusion of M. Lafferre as Minister of Labour is odious to the very people whose support M. Briand has courted during the recent troubles. It is a good sign that Moderate Republicans will not support the Ministry because of M. Lafferre, who has defended the abominable system of secret denunciations of officers for their religion. M. Briand began his programme speech with a reference to the continued laicising of the State. But he finds now that he has overshot the mark with M. Lafferre.

Neither does he win over the Left to his proposed Labour legislation by retaining such representatives as M. Lafferre. He has let loose M. Millerand and M. Viviani now more ready to help the Jaurès party than they were in the Ministry. M. Briand has no doubt a strong body of Republicanism to back up his proposal to make strikes on railways illegal and to put workmen on the same footing as officials. M. Briand is convincing on the necessity of a formal law empowering a Government to do what he did during the recent strike. But there will be infinite contentions over the Bill; and the income tax will alienate those very bourgeois who applaud M. Briand's strike policy. It will be easy to come to grief in the *mêlée*; and M. Briand has not improved his position.

Austria, too, has been trying the experiment of a Conference. Some weeks ago a friendly arrangement as to the order of business enabled the Bohemian Diet to be opened, and the conditions seemed favourable for an attempt to settle the whole language question. The question is one which will have to be settled sooner or later, and at first it seemed that the time had come. Later there was a hitch, and the Czechs adopted their old tactics of making trouble in Vienna. It is a familiar complaint of the Czechs that their views are ignored in foreign policy, and that the Monarchy is run by Germans for Germans. This complaint has been heard at the Delegations, and was backed by an anti-military Socialist, who used strong language about the German Emperor. This need not be taken too seriously. The German alliance is thoroughly popular in Austria, and not least among the Austrian Slavs themselves.

The German and Russian Emperors have met, and will meet at least once again in the near future. Pains were taken to make it clear that the Potsdam visit was much more than a piece of ordinary international courtesy. Wilhelm II. and Nicholas II. met to talk business, and had little time for shows and ceremonies. Persia was discussed, no doubt, but the Near East was probably the chief topic. M. Sazonoff is understood to wish for friendlier relations with Vienna, and the way to Vienna lies through Berlin. Moreover, Crete is still a danger-point, especially now that dictatorships, in constitutional form, are established both at Athens and at Constantinople. It would seem that neither Russia nor Germany wishes to push things to extremes: Russia because of her weakness and Germany because of her recent diplomatic success. At any rate, the situation is easier since the Potsdam interviews.

The King Edward London Memorial Committee have decided so far only on one thing—just the one we could have wished them to leave out—there is to be a statue. A good statue we should welcome, though we rather shrink from the notion that every king must have his statue; for what are the chances of the statues being good? "Circumspect"—in London—and you have your answer. Yet there are some good figures in London, and perhaps this will not follow precedent. All the same, it would be a finer distinction for King Edward to be associated only with some great public idea realised. There have been some very good suggestions. The extension of the Tropical School of Medicine is good—King Edward, everyone knows, was deeply interested in medical science—but on the whole we agree with Lord Curzon that a London museum is the happiest thought yet. The Roman boat and many things now in the Victoria and Albert Museum want a home of their own. If "nobody goes to the museums" (quite untrue), what matter? So much the better for those who do.

Of profound interest to the entire medical world is the recent great discovery of Professor Ehrlich. It is not too much to say (writes a correspondent) that this discovery is likely to rival the work of Jenner on small-pox. Professor Ehrlich has for many years devoted himself exclusively to the study of what he calls Chemotherapy. The principle of chemotherapy is the discovery of drugs which are capable of killing organisms that produce a disease—the drugs being non-toxic in that dose which causes their complete destruction: in other words, to find a drug whose therapeutic dose is but a small fraction of its toxic one. The Ehrlich-Hata remedy or "606" is a chemical substance in the form of a yellow powder of a highly insoluble nature combined with an organic radicle, and is administered by means of injection. The disease for which this substance has been found specific is one of the oldest, and the history of its dissemination throughout Europe from the East is of extraordinary interest to the student. Hitherto mercurial compounds have been the only cure, and, though unquestionably they have been proved specific, "reminders" continue to crop up even years after the primary infection in spite of the best radicle treatment.

Again, to effect a cure, mercurial treatment has to be spread over several years; while the new "606" treatment lays claim to complete cure after two or three injections, as shown by the fact that the organism termed spirochetes, which is the cause of the disease, can no longer be found in the system, and, further, cannot be traced by specific tests. At the same time it must be admitted that the crucial test of recovery for an absolute pronouncement to be made is a question of time. At present the discoverers refuse to allow the drug to be offered for sale until competent authorities have adequately studied its therapeutic value in suitable climates. The whole work has of necessity involved an enormous amount of careful experiment, and is to the credit of men who sacrifice the pecuniary gain of medical work to that science which has for its object the relief of mankind.

"I cannot hide from you that the Houses of Parliament are very largely political in their nature." The fun is a little mild—milder than is usual with Mr. Kipling. And the rest is in keeping. "If you break heads you at least discover what is in them; if you count them you have to take what is in them on trust. If you take them on trust you get the whole business of politics as we know it to-day." But Mr. Kipling said some good things about the House of Lords. Mr. Kipling believes in the picked man, and in the son of the picked man; and he has very little faith in votes. It is a bold thing in these days to say as much. The men who think it prefer to keep it to themselves. The wise modern way out of every difficulty is to count heads. We no longer break them, and we have not yet thought to weigh them.

THE FAILURE OF THE CONFERENCE.

IN the phrase of a famous verdict, the Conference are agreed that they cannot agree. There is really nothing more to say. They have honestly tried and failed, and that is the beginning and end of the matter. It is idle and futile now to speculate whether they could have agreed if this or that had been done or not been done. Neither is any good done by trying to discover the course of the negotiations: how far they agreed and where the breaking-point came. No one doubts that both sides honestly tried to reach an agreement both could honourably accept. They could not, and we must accept the conclusion that it could not be done. Every man and woman of good will be sorry. It is a great pity. That said, we have only to turn our back on the past and look resolutely to the future.

We Unionists are in for a fight with our backs to the wall. The Radicals are making a supreme effort to capture the entire Unionist position by one assault. They regard the House of Lords as an outwork which once captured the whole Unionist fort must fall. In one sense they are right. If they should succeed in altering the Constitution as their extremists desire, or even as the Government proposed, they would be able to carry the entire Radical programme in a single Parliament. Obviously if the House of Commons is made supreme and irresponsible, either side has only to win enough seats once at a General Election to get a working majority, and in the succeeding Parliament they can carry any measures and almost any number of them they like. The same majority that can carry the Bills can coerce the House to any extent by means of the closure. From this point of view it really makes very little difference whether the House of Lords remains in name or is ended. Such a constitutional arrangement—unparalleled in the world or in history—such playing ducks and drakes with every national interest, may seem too grotesque to be taken seriously. But it precisely is what we have to face. Settlement by arrangement and agreement having failed, the Government is in the hands of its extreme followers; and we may be sure that some of its own most active members will promptly become extremists of the extremists themselves. "Down with the Lords", without qualification, is the only cock the Government can fight. The issue is thus put for Unionists in the sharpest possible form; and the stake is nearly everything we exist to preserve. In short, the stake is the British Empire.

Happily we are in a strong position. To save the situation we have not to win outright; we can defeat the Radicals without obtaining an absolute working majority ourselves. They are in office; they have to carry on. Reduce their already reduced majority and their position will become hopelessly weak. Every seat we win from them adds enormously to their already great difficulties, and correspondingly strengthens an already strong Opposition. In any event they stand to lose at the coming election, we to gain. No one thinks we have lost ground in the South and West or in the counties generally. The North is already theirs. There is practically no ground for them to gain on. There are, on the other hand, a good many country divisions, such as Torquay, which we very nearly won and may reasonably expect to capture this time. There are also a fair number of boroughs, such as North Islington, where we stand to win. We have only to win a very few seats to reduce Mr. Asquith to the position of absolute dependence on non-Liberal support. In such a position he would not have the moral authority to obtain the Lords' submission; and his own sense of dignity and decency would keep him from going to the King with proposals for the creation of peers by hundreds. Tactically we Unionists are in a good position. Even a slight success will have a great effect. The Government, on the other hand, have every prospect of coming back in the acknowledged worst position possible for a political party: in office without a working majority. This time, if ever, it is worth while for every Unionist to take a personal part in the fight, for his effort can hardly fail to make its effect.

We must not fight on a negative programme. We do not take our stand on the position that nothing is to be altered. We will not have all power given to the House of Commons; but we are agreed that the present position must be modified. For ourselves, we should be very glad indeed if a Referendum were made a cardinal item in the Unionist programme. That is to our mind the best way to meet the present position. Also, we must keep Tariff Reform always to the front. The other side will do their best to shut out every issue but the Lords. We must not allow that.

THE PRIME MINISTER ON NOTHING.

MR. DISRAELI, not knowing very well what to say at some Guildhall banquet, "relied on the sublime instincts of an ancient people". Mr. Asquith, in somewhat similar plight, compounded his peroration out of a hazy recollection of Burke and Beaconsfield, and expressed his confidence in "the political instinct, the trained judgment, the inbred sagacity and integrity of the British people". We do not remember a Guildhall banquet at which the speeches were so meagre and feeble, and at which so little interest was taken in the proceedings by the company. Even the new Lord Mayor, who is generally in a state of exuberant rhetoric, was reduced to repeating a verse of the National Anthem. The whole business reminded us of nothing so much as Pope's description of the reign of Dulness in the "Dunciad"—

"Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm".

No doubt the Prime Minister felt himself embarrassed by the fact that Parliament reassembles in a week; and nobody expected a revelation of the secrets of the Conference, which, by the way, seem now to be those of Polichinelle. But where were the other members of the Cabinet? Where was the Lord Chancellor to answer for the Law? There was an unfortunate reason for Mr. McKenna's absence. But where was Mr. Haldane to answer for the Army? These toasts are not generally left to an admiral and a general on this great occasion. We should have liked to hear the Secretary of State for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty on "the Imperial Forces of the Crown". The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has just come in for a windfall of some £3,000,000 in the way of death duties, might, one would think, have been in sufficiently good spirits to taste the loving-cup at the hands of a Liberal Lord Mayor. But Mr. Lloyd George too was absent, and the prevailing dreariness was unrelieved by a single joke.

It is at these banquets that the Prime Minister, addressing an audience of mixed politics, borrows the mantle of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which are supposed to be outside party politics. But Mr. Asquith had nothing to say about European politics, which is presumably a good sign, though it appears to us that the relations between Austria and Italy are anything but serene and that the condition of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is ripe for the gravest events. The impertinences offered to the German Emperor in the Upper House of the Austrian Delegations need not perhaps cause much uneasiness. We should have welcomed some words from the Prime Minister about the Eastern Question, which might have smoothed away the irritating remembrance of Sir Edward Grey's futile and humiliating attempt to interfere with Count Aehrenthal's policy. But we do not suppose that Mr. Asquith really knows anything about Continental diplomacy. The only thing which the Prime Minister could find to say on international affairs was a pious and platitudinarian lament over the expenditure on armaments. But this expenditure will not be stopped or reduced by wishing or by generalities about the peaceful dispositions of the peoples. It can only be arrested by the Great Powers coming to a plain understanding about their respective aims and ambitions. If both our parties were not so absorbed in the petty wrangles of domestic politics, it might be well worth while to ascertain what it is that Germany is driving at. Convinced as we are that there is no real

conflict of interests in the world-policies of Great Britain and the Empires of Germany and Austria, we have never been able to grasp why the peace of the world should not be permanently assured by an understanding between the only naval and military Powers that are worth considering at this hour. Such an understanding would be worth a thousand Hague Tribunals.

A safer topic for Ministerial complacency was the undoubted expansion in the volume of our in-and-out trade which has taken place in the last four years. In respect of amount the year 1907 was a record; and it is satisfactory to learn that our exports for the ten months of the current year are £45,000,000 more than for last year, and within £1,500,000 of the value of 1907; while our imports exceed those of 1907 by £12,500,000, and those of last year by £43,000,000. We are aware that Board of Trade values are deceptive, because they are no indication of profits. A trade may increase its turnover, and yet its profits may be reduced to near breaking point. How far this is so with British foreign trade it would be impossible in this article to attempt to gauge. We do not, however, belong to the school of economists who regard imports as a calamity. Nor is it surprising that with a continuous expansion of trade the labour unrest should also spread. Workmen strike, as a rule, in good times, not in bad, because they think that they are not getting their fair share of the increased profits. Perhaps it comforted the citizens of London to hear from the Premier's lips that the Government will not hesitate to place at the disposal of the local authorities "whatever force may be necessary to put down lawlessness and to suppress and punish every form of violence". We would rather have heard that statement from the Home Secretary, who was sitting near Mr. Asquith. We must not forget that the French Government is now being bitterly attacked for having called in the army to put down the railway strike. The disgraceful and insensate violence of the colliers in South Wales, and the recent behaviour of the railway employés in France, suggest some new lights on the question of the nationalisation of certain industries or portions of industries. Steam-coal and railroads are as necessary to a nation during war as ammunition. Might it not be safer if the Government of this country were in possession of the sources or some of the sources of the supply of steam-coal? The same remark applies to those lines of railway which run to our ports and bases of supply. The answer, we imagine, is that the Government can always commandeer them on the outbreak of war. But, as we see from the situation in South Wales, mines may be flooded in an hour by a few men, and rails may be torn up. The whole question, in the light of recent strikes, calls for deep and minute consideration. The frequent repudiation by the workmen of the authority of their own leaders and agents makes the question graver. All questions—Home Rule, the House of Lords, Tariff Reform, and Naval Defence—ultimately depend on whether there is any force resident in democracy which can lead and control labour. That in its turn must depend on the character of those who wield the executive power.

MR. CHURCHILL'S BLUNDER.

THE Welsh strike riots appear to be subsiding, though it is as yet too early to say whether the present calm is permanent or temporary. Anyhow, they have lasted long enough to inflict very serious damage not only on the mineowners and miners, but on a number of innocent persons whose only crime was that they owned shops and other property in the neighbourhood of the disturbance. For two nights the town of Tonypandy, with its 34,000 inhabitants, appears to have been handed over to the tender mercies of a mob of hooligans inflamed with loot and liquor, and the plain man will assuredly wish to know how this came about and what is the explanation of the apparent paralysis during this period of the forces of order and civilisation. To answer these questions a short recital of the relevant facts is necessary.

They are as follows: A controversy arose some weeks ago about the rate of pay of three hundred miners in one of the Cambrian mines. A strike ensued, which was joined by several thousand other miners employed by the same group of mineowners. It followed the usual unhappy course of such disputes, with mass meetings, ballots, futile attempts at conciliation, and the rest of it, until last Monday evening. On that evening a section of the strikers made a determined attempt to "rush" an electric power-house, the object being apparently to stop some pumping machinery. Had the rush succeeded, the mine would have been flooded and all those employed there would have been temporarily or permanently thrown out of work. In fact it failed. Palings were thrown down, windows were broken, several police officers were injured—one of them rather seriously—and a much larger number of the strikers had their heads broken. The police authorities seem to have been taken by surprise. They had, indeed, drafted police into the district, but evidently the force of law and order was not enough to cope with the rioters, though it foiled their attack on the power-house itself. That very night the Chief Constable telegraphed for reinforcements and requested the military authorities to furnish him with two hundred cavalry and two companies of infantry, to preserve order in the Cambrian Collieries. With this requisition the military authorities hastened to comply, and at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning the troops asked for left Tidworth for the scene of the disturbances. Then a most extraordinary thing happened. The troops were stopped; the infantry at Swindon and the cavalry at Cardiff. The order for this volte-face must have come from the War Office, but it was inspired by Mr. Winston Churchill. Indeed, the Home Secretary issued on Tuesday afternoon an official account of his proceedings. From this account it appears that he had taken upon himself, "in consultation with Mr. Haldane", to countermand the despatch of troops and substitute a much later despatch of Metropolitan Police.

Mr. Churchill speaks of having himself substituted police for troops. The suggestion that he gave the orders to the troops is, we trust, merely a flourish of characteristic egoism. It will be a bad day for the Army when the Home Secretary is allowed to interfere with the military dispositions of its chiefs, and we do not believe that such a usurpation in fact took place. Even without this act of supreme impertinence the responsibility of the Home Secretary is heavy enough. No principle is better established in this country than that it is the duty of the local guardians of the peace to take all necessary steps to preserve order in their neighbourhood, and it is the duty of the Central Government to see that they have the means to do so. Fortunately we are able to quote very high and very recent authority for this proposition. It is one of the peculiarities of the present Government that they prefer to carry on in public those controversies which have usually been veiled in the secrecy of the Cabinet. When one Minister approves the raising of a loan for naval construction, another describes the proposal as a symptom of national degradation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer makes a speech at the City Temple inciting the poor against the rich. A few days later the Foreign Secretary genially refers to "ignoble methods, attempts to set class against class, the Gospel of Hate which will never build up anything". Accordingly we were not much surprised to read that the Prime Minister had said at the Guildhall on Wednesday that "the responsibility for the maintenance and restoration of order rests according to the law and practice of this country with the local authorities", and that he went on to promise that the Central Government would take care that the forces necessary for the purpose were supplied. It is a thousand pities that Mr. Asquith had not instructed his colleagues in these elementary principles of constitutional law before they overruled the police authorities of Glamorgan on Tuesday last. We are quite aware that in the Home Office explanation the substitution of troops for police is said to have been made

with the concurrence of the Chief Constable. We are not, however, told that he also concurred in the great delay involved in the alteration of plans. Nor are we told what were the terms in which he expressed his concurrence. Since he had no power to compel the Government to do their duty he doubtless submitted to the inevitable. But submission is not in any true sense concurrence.

It is only fair to the Home Secretary to say that even he had some misgivings as to the prudence, if not the legality, of his proceedings. Moved by those doubts, Mr. Churchill sought consolation in a telegram to the Chief Constable. That officer was bidden to give the following message to the miners, who were then engaged or about to engage in an orgy of violence and plunder. "Their best friends", said the Home Secretary, "are greatly distressed at the trouble which has broken out, and will do their best to help them to get fair treatment"—as though one should bewail to the wolf in the fable the muddiness of the stream, and, with a side-glance at the lamb, should assure him that every effort would be made to get him clear water to drink. The message went on to speak of proceedings at the Board of Trade, and concluded with these sentences: "But rioting must cease at once so that the inquiry shall not be prejudiced and to prevent the credit of the Rhondda Valley being injured. Confiding in the good sense of the Cambrian Combine workmen we are holding back the soldiers for the present and sending police instead". That is the way a Radical Minister speaks to men engaged in riot and bloodshed! We are told that the message was well received, and we are not surprised. The miners probably regarded it as an excellent example of the art of praising by faint blaming. They treated the very mild censure implied in the reference to the credit of the Rhondda Valley as mere lip-service to conventional respectability, and naturally regarded the information conveyed in the final sentence as the important thing in the message. Well may they have said to themselves, "After all we are only carrying into practice the teaching of our national leader. Some of Mr. Lloyd George's most glowing periods were directed to show the iniquities of the mineowners and the hardships of their employees. Here we have the chance of punishing the one and temporarily, at all events, enriching the other. The Government feel this and are holding back the soldiers. They confide in our good sense, and it would be indeed folly not to make the best use of such a golden opportunity".

Whether the rioters actually reasoned in this way we cannot know, though we have very little doubt that, consciously or unconsciously, they were actuated by some such arguments. Long before the police sent by Mr. Churchill could arrive the riots were renewed. Further attacks were made on the power-house, and, not content with this, the rioters broke into the shops of the town and looted their contents. For some hours the appearance of Tonypandy suggested a siege. The police were all concentrated at the colliery and, in the words of the "Times" correspondent, the rest of the town was given up to an "orgy of naked anarchy". And still the troops did not come. The delay at Swindon had indeed been fatal. Had the troop-train proceeded as arranged by the military authorities it must have reached the Rhondda Valley early in the afternoon long before the rioting began again. When at last the Hussars and police did arrive they seem to have easily restored order. Had they been there in good time it is in the highest degree unlikely that any disorders would have taken place. The shopkeepers would have been saved from loss, many a man would have escaped more or less serious injury, and a demoralising outburst of dishonesty and drink would have been avoided. All this mischief happened because Mr. Churchill is more sensitive to possible criticism from his supporters below the gangway in the House of Commons than he is to his duty as a Minister of the Crown. Want of political principle may not be very noticeable amidst the insincerities of ordinary political life, but it is woefully felt when decisions have to be taken requiring firmness and courage.

M. BRIAND'S NEW CABINET.

IN his new Government M. Briand can no longer count upon the support of some of his ablest and strongest colleagues. M. Millerand, the Minister of Public Works, once the hostage of the Socialist party in M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Ministry, but lately a strong supporter of the cause of order; M. Viviani, the Minister of Labour; M. Barthou, the Minister of Justice; M. Cochery, the Minister of Finance; M. Doumergue, the Minister of Public Instruction, and M. Trouillot, the Minister of the Colonies, have all given way to men who until yesterday were but little known outside France; and it is with their help that M. Briand hopes to mould the destinies of the country. It is true that M. Lafferre is the Grand Master of French Freemasonry, that M. Klotz, the new Finance Minister, is a strong Protectionist, and that M. Puech has made lately an excellent speech upon the railway strike; but it is most unlikely that these men will be able to secure from their respective groups the same support as the late Ministry was able to win but a few days since, or that their personalities will be able to ensure as strong a following as did their predecessors. It is with their help that M. Briand hopes to uphold social order and to carry through that plan of electoral reform which won so conspicuous a victory at the last General Election. It is also with their help that the Prime Minister hopes to carry out whatever legislation shall be necessary to guarantee secular education against the attacks with which M. Briand alleges it is now being threatened; and we have now to see what prospects of success the new Cabinet has and to what extent it will be able to carry its policy into effect.

To sum up the situation, M. Briand is now endeavouring to form what may be called a one-man Ministry. His new colleagues may have unknown merits of their own, but up to this they have not been fully or adequately tested. The Prime Minister might have coped with the situation in one of two ways. He might have appealed to all men of goodwill whose names would have meant something to the country and asked them to forget party differences and rally to one another for the public good. He has, however, preferred to form a Ministry of which he alone is the dominant personality, amongst members of Parliament most of whom have never been Ministers, some of whom are new to public life, but of whom all are his supporters in whatever line he chooses to adopt. In this way he shows a desire to bring new men to the front who have not hitherto taken a prominent part even in the discussions of their own groups, who are better known by their work on Parliamentary Commissions than by their intervention in Parliamentary debates. He has preferred to appeal to the more independent representatives of the country than to those lobbyists whose co-operation has hitherto been deemed absolutely necessary to the existence of a Cabinet. His object has been to draw from each advanced group its anti-revolutionary elements and to set up outside those Radical-Socialists who have now joined hands with the Socialist party a Radical group which will give its voice and its vote to the Government. In this respect he has succeeded. The Radical-Socialist group was sorely smitten at the last General Election. True, they only lost a dozen seats on the whole; but their loss in prestige and in influence was tremendous. Up to May 1910 they had gained ground steadily at every election, and had come to be regarded as the depositories of power, as the dispensers of loaves and fishes. The Prime Minister refused to give them countenance as a body, and Government officials realised that their influence was no longer absolutely essential to promotion and advancement. The group nominally includes one hundred and fifty members. When they met on Thursday last only sixty were present at the meeting. The rest had shown their lively appreciation of favours to come by going over to the enemy. When, however, a rash man proposed a vote of censure on any who should support the Government there was a general débâcle, and only twenty men, who had

already committed themselves too far to withdraw, were found ready to vote for the resolution. It is therefore more than likely that if M. Briand is prepared to break with his past and throw over the anti-clerical policy of the "bloc", he will be able to command a majority even within the ranks of the Radical-Socialist party itself. Its members have already supported so many policies more or less advanced that an additional change cannot mean very much. It is for this reason that outsiders will ask themselves why M. Briand has thought it necessary to embody the further secularisation of the schools into a programme which is already sufficiently exhaustive. Phrases do not always mean very much in France, and it is quite likely that his Radical supporters may insist on this inclusion as a salve to their sensitive consciences, still more to the sensitive consciences of their supporters. A change of policy must not necessarily be too abrupt, and French Radicals require that the anti-clerical banner shall be waved from time to time. We are not behind the scenes, and we do not know on what terms M. Lafferre has been induced to join the Ministry: whether it is he or M. Briand who has surrendered his convictions. His past is a deplorable one, for when the reading of the "fiches" aroused a sentiment of horror throughout the Chamber he was almost the only man who ventured to defend from the tribune the meanest and most contemptible device to which French Freemasonry was compelled to stoop to establish its influence in France; when the private lives of officers, the names of their friends and associates, the names of the schools in which they, their wives and their children were educated, were forwarded to the authorities as arguments against the promotion of those who still adhered in any shape or form to the faith of their ancestors. Independent Frenchmen naturally feel a considerable measure of resentment at the inclusion of one of the leading spirits of this policy in a French Ministry. French Catholics may possibly exaggerate the importance of the site of the Ministry of Labour. It may be the merest chance that the Grand Master of that French Freemasonry which has formally denied the necessity for a belief in a Supreme Being should now live in what was once the home of the Archbishops of Paris; but the offence of the triumph is so characteristic of their methods that we may well ask whether it has so happened by accident or by design. In any case we question whether M. Briand is likely to gain anything either for himself or for his Government by truckling to those who have waged war relentlessly and without mercy upon the best and most stable elements in France, against the men whose co-operation has been so ungrudgingly given to French society when she was struggling against anarchy and disorder.

This is all the more illogical if the Government wishes for the support of all men of goodwill in the campaign in which it is now engaged. They wish to adopt every method, legal or illegal as M. Briand himself said, to prevent strikes in the public services. They assert that the special interests of corporations must not clash with those of the general public, exposing the frontiers of the Fatherland to danger from outside. They ask Parliament to take all necessary measures to secure the efficient working of the public services. Trade unionism must be limited to its purely trade functions and must not wage war against society. The Ministerial Declaration then proceeds to say that all existing laws will be rigorously applied and enforced, and that fresh legislation will be carried to regulate and control any of those associations which may be tempted to transgress or interfere with the public peace. It may be necessary to throw a verbal sop to anti-clericals to secure the support of their organisation. It may be advisable to silence a noted enemy of the Church by admitting him to a share in the spoils of office. M. Briand must not, however, allow himself to be carried away by his Radical tail. He cannot expect to cope with the forces of disorder by dividing those of order, by waging war against those who have helped him to win the battle. The fight is by no means won.

THE REPUBLICAN DÉBÂCLE.

TO describe the result of the election in the United States we may reverse Talleyrand's famous epigram on the death of Napoleon and say "It is not news but it is a great event". Everybody knew beforehand that the Democrats would win; few probably expected that they would win so easily. Mr. Roosevelt's success at Saratoga over the Republican old gang has proved one of those victories which are more disastrous than a defeat. Had he been beaten there, then the subsequent overthrow of his party would have been attributed to the Bosses, and the public generally might have assumed that had his policy been accepted the party would have been victorious. He would not in any case have been swept away himself in the rout. Now there can be no doubt that the country at large is weary of his self-advertisement and disgusted with his rancorous attacks on his opponents. The great starring tour through European capitals has failed in its main purpose, and European princes and statesmen have kowtowed to nothing more important than a conspicuous politician with a capacity for commonplace beyond the ordinary.

We do not, however, assume that Mr. Roosevelt has met with his Sedan. We are inclined to believe that he will be found as difficult to suppress as Mr. Bryan, whom it has taken many failures to eliminate as candidate for the Presidency. Still, unless something very extraordinary occurs, of which at present we have no intimation, we may rule out Mr. Roosevelt as a possible Presidential candidate next time. Had the Republicans succeeded in this election, he would assuredly have been pushed to the front to the exclusion of Mr. Taft. With all the forces in opposition to him within the Republican party, after this overwhelming defeat he could hardly obtain the nomination. Whether Mr. Taft will run again is doubtful. It certainly looks as if the succession of Republican Presidents will be broken.

This is all very hard on Mr. Taft, who is made to cut a ridiculous figure. He would probably have done pretty well had he been let alone—at least as well as a President can do who owes his election to Bosses and Trusts. He was put in to keep the place warm for Mr. Roosevelt, if it suited the ex-President to assume it again; but the impatience of that usually astute electioneer hurried both the President and himself into disaster. Mr. Taft was to play Addington to Mr. Roosevelt's Pitt, but unfortunately for both of them the game has not been played out either in the manner or with the success of the pilot who weathered the storm. Mr. Roosevelt has made himself odious and Mr. Taft ridiculous. We are sorry for the President, who is a man of sense and tact, and it is not his fault that he was placed in power by exactly the same influences as those of which his rival had been glad enough to avail himself four years earlier.

But, as we have said, it would be a mistake to dismiss Mr. Roosevelt as done for. While everyone he supported in the east and centre of the country has bitten the dust, in the west and west centre his friends have been successful. In fact, in those regions wherever the Republican has been victorious he is an Insurgent. The result is that, although a nominal Republican majority still remains in the Senate, it has fallen to something like twelve, and this will be composed of Insurgents. The outlook is therefore not cheerful for the Administration, for on many questions the large Democratic majority in the House, acting with the dissentient Republicans in the Senate, may effectually block all its proposals to which they object. The re-election of Speaker Cannon is a nasty blow for the Roosevelt interest, and there is no mistaking the intense hostility to him entertained by his own State of New York. It is clear that all the great business and commercial interests of the Union look upon the new Nationalism as their most dangerous enemy.

Party names in the United States have now become meaningless. It is, however, interesting to speculate,

though almost impossible to decide, what has been the motive force of this tremendous "landslide". It would be folly to attribute it to one cause throughout the country. Different States are swayed by different views, and what makes people vote Democrat in New York may make them vote Republican in California. But there is a general agreement that the juggling of the Republican party with the tariff is perhaps the most generally prevailing cause of discontent with the Administration. There was a widespread feeling before the last Presidential election against the absurdly high tariff in existence—a tariff which could not be defended either on the ground of revenue or of reasonable protection for home industries. Such a tariff was only operating to benefit the Trusts. Revision was promised by the incoming President; but the result has been exasperating, and the majority have suffered rather than benefited by the changes effected by the Payne Law. It is of no benefit to the ordinary man that foreign works of art, which have been executed more than twenty years, should come in free. He cannot buy Murillos or Botticellis. The feeling of the electorate certainly is that in this matter the Republicans have scandalously broken faith with their supporters. This apart, there can be no doubt that the general trend of opinion is strongly Conservative. In one respect the Democratic party has been operating on its old lines. It has stood for State rights against the encroaching Federal power. Mr. Roosevelt and the reforming Republicans have been advocating centralisation in an increasing degree, and it is curious to observe how tenacious is the old local patriotism. There can be no doubt that, if real law and order are ever to prevail throughout the United States, and the country is ever to act efficiently as a great world Power, the whole forces of the country should be more readily available to the central authority. But it is clear also that at present the country as a whole does not want this evolution of the national polity. This feeling is, of course, highly conservative, and to gauge the situation properly we must also take into account the widespread hostility of all business men to Mr. Roosevelt's threatening language with regard to Trusts and his policy of interference and increased State control. Wall Street will breathe more easily after his overthrow, though it may possibly have wished for a less sensational victory.

The interesting question now is, What effect will the Republican defeat have on the next Presidential election? It would certainly seem that with the country in its present mood a Democrat will find himself in the White House in 1913. It is not conceivable that Mr. Bryan will secure nomination again—in fact, all the unpopularity which clung to his Radicalism has been transferred to Mr. Roosevelt. Conservative policy will therefore help the Democrats, unless the new House does something very foolish—which is improbable—or the party adopts an impossible candidate, which is most unlikely, for they have now two or three highly promising Presidential candidates in reserve. Either Mr. Harmon, who was a member of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, and has behind him the prestige of a sensational victory in Mr. Taft's own State; or Dr. Woodrow Wilson, who is a scholar and lawyer of great eminence, and an effective speaker, would make a first-rate candidate. For the first time for many years the Democrats, and not the Republicans, will be embarrassed by an abundance of good material. They will have also on their side almost the whole force of the great vested interests. Having taken up the line of attack upon the Old Guard of his own party and upon the elements which have hitherto given it victory, Mr. Roosevelt has almost reproduced the position in which Mr. Bryan found himself after he had alienated all the great Conservative interests in the Democratic party.

The least creditable feature in Mr. Roosevelt's campaign was his attack on the Supreme Court. No doubt this had much to do with his defeat. This is one element in their Constitution of which Americans can boast with justice. Mr. Roosevelt's onslaught upon the Court was sheer electioneering, and showed the harsh

and unscrupulous temper of the politician. After all he is only a commonplace person of extra strong vitality. He is of too buoyant a nature to be crushed by one defeat; but America has taught him a useful lesson and shown more sense in setting him down than Europe did in exalting him.

THE NETHERLANDS AND THE BALANCE OF POWER.

ONE may not find in the mutual visits of kings the tremendous political meaning apparent to the journalist, yet these visits are not negligible quantities. When the Tsar visits the German Emperor at Potsdam, or the German Emperor visits the King of the Belgians at Brussels, one cannot help thinking of the relations of the Powers and the European balance. This country cannot look with unconcern on the relations of Germany with Holland and Belgium or of Holland and Belgium mutually. In those countries there are movements affecting others than themselves. The Belgians are looking round. The wealth of Belgium is immense; her industry unrivalled; her population thickest of any land. Because Belgium is so desirable a land, the Belgians feel they must prepare against attack. They have little faith in the guarantees given by the Powers when the Belgian kingdom was set up that they would enforce respect for the neutrality of Belgian territories in any event. They ask for a definite alliance with Holland, whose situation, should war break out in Europe, would resemble theirs. The most judicious believe an understanding with Germany must be the corollary of such an alliance, and the reception they gave the German Emperor shows they would welcome it.

The first move towards this entente was made by Belgium. In this there was nothing strange. When they cut themselves free in 1830, it was not against the Dutch people that the Belgians revolted, but against the Dutch King, William I.—the conscientious, narrow-minded, stubborn ruler, too Liberal to be a king, too kingly to be a Liberal, who, in his wide ambition for Holland, did every wrong to Belgium a king could do. There was nothing but the King's misgovernment to separate the Belgians from the Dutch. There was no religious difficulty, for the law prescribed freedom of worship; no racial difficulty, for the Dutch are akin to the Flemish; no difficulty of language, for there is little difference between the spoken languages of the Dutch and the Flemish, and the written language is the same for both peoples. The Belgians lost most by separating themselves from Holland. In the years immediately after the separation they did not count the cost. Later, the ever-growing prosperity of their country enabled them to ignore it. To-day, their prosperity still on the increase obliges them to turn to Holland for alliance and support.

The Catholics of Belgium are most eager for the alliance with Holland and the understanding with Germany. They dread French influence, because of France's action towards the Church; whereas the politic action of the Emperor William—his support of religious orders—has won them entirely. They do not fear alliance with Holland. The law of religious liberty established in that country is little likely to be disturbed. There has been for years a more or less close union in Holland between the political parties of the Catholics and the Protestant Conservatives. Moreover, while there are few Protestants in Belgium, there are many Catholics in Holland, and the Catholic leaders think that, while they might gain a good deal by alliance, they could lose nothing. The Liberals of Belgium are in favour of a Dutch alliance. Though they approve of the expulsion of the religious orders from France, they also represent the great manufacturing and commercial interests of Belgium. These, too, dread France of to-day, where strike follows strike, and Socialism gets every day more out of hand. As to the Belgian Socialists, although they applaud all that passes in France, they, too, are in favour of an alliance with Holland, which would enable them to strengthen their union, already close, with their comrades of

Amsterdam and other Dutch centres where Socialism flourishes.

This is the situation in Belgium. In Holland there is no danger of religious disturbance to excite any party, but the desire for alliance with Belgium is none the less great. There is the Belgian Army. The manufactures of Belgium complement the commerce of Holland. Preference shown to Dutch lines would be a source of considerable profit, as would special arrangements regarding railway tariffs and the like. Behind these economic considerations there is history. If Belgium declares herself content to remain "Little Belgium", Holland has never been content to be "Little Holland". At the moment the Belgians were planning revolt against his rule, King William I. of Holland was planning to extend his kingdom. The pride of the house of Orange is still great and its ambition not small. Queen Wilhelmina is willing to make alliances provided her power be enlarged. Her people and Government are willing to enter into alliance on equal terms with their neighbours. The understanding between the two countries was so far advanced a comparatively short time ago that the preliminaries for a Conference were arranged at which the terms of a political alliance were to be drawn up. The war scare was at its height at the moment. Certain Great Powers, having information of what was on foot, let it be understood that they would prevent the proposed alliance by every means in their power. In it they saw the basis of a union, offensive and defensive, between Holland, Belgium and Germany. Thus threatened, Holland and Belgium had to retire; but not for long. No more was heard for the moment of a political alliance, but a Conference between the leading members of the Dutch and Belgian Chambers was summoned. This Conference has now become a permanent one. Under the presidency of M. Beernaert, the distinguished Belgian statesman and diplomatist, it holds its sittings alternately at The Hague and Brussels. Its public discussions are confined to the consideration of economic questions, tariffs, import duties, railway rates, and the like; but in informal conversation matters of far graver importance are decided. By this Conference an official link already connects the two countries. The alliance between their leading parliamentarians is practically a political alliance between the two countries. If need be, official confirmation of the alliance will follow with a speed to surprise many.

Perhaps one of the best illustrations of the thoroughness of the understanding between the countries is to be found in the manner in which their military preparations are made. Belgium having reorganised her army, Holland has resolved to carry out a large scheme of coast defence. All along the coast forts are to be erected. Forty millions of florins are to be spent on the work; and Flushing is to be strongly fortified. Enemies of the Hollando-Belgic Alliance pretend to believe the fortifications are to be erected against Belgium, to prevent an English fleet from entering the Scheldt for the relief of Antwerp should Belgium be invaded. Really it is for the support of Belgium the works will be carried out. Holland and Belgium want no war; but they are prepared to fight together should war be forced on them. For they believe if one country falls, the other cannot stand.

THE CITY.

THE New Zealand three-and-a-half per cent. four-year loan for £5,000,000, which is being issued at 98½, may not be recognised as a real competitor with Consols in the investment market, but it comes as another timely reminder that the premier security, as it is still frequently called, stands to be hit by every new arrival which bears the glint of gilt-edge upon its scrip. Of all Trustee securities Consols seem to be the least favoured now, and even the appearance of the Government broker as a buyer has only a temporarily good effect. Fortunately, however, for holders of Consols the monetary position is still improving. One happy sign is the early passing-on of gold from Egypt

to India, which suggests that Egypt recently took more than was actually required, and inspires the hope that India's seasonable demands may be very largely provided from the banks of the Nile.

Home railway traffics continue to expand, the North-Eastern alone recording a trifling decrease. The principal increases to date are £173,000 by the Great Western, £159,000 by the North-Western, and £158,000 by the Midland. Wall Street now anticipates strikes on the western railroads of the United States. The effect of the elections on prices is a complete disappointment—to professional dealers. Instead of a wild rush of public buying, for which Wall Street had prepared, the demand for stocks was insignificant. Canadian Pacifics seem to have established themselves well above 200; but Grand Trunks are still a wavering market. A traffic increase of £46 this week, in place of £5000 to £7000 expected by dealers, caused no little disappointment and carried quotations downward. Mexican rails are a trifle firmer on the apparent completion of liquidation of a large bull account; while, among other foreign rails, Argentines have been dull owing to rumours of labour troubles in Buenos Ayres, which might affect the working of the railways. Dealers in South Africans are on the look-out for bull points. The bears have had such a very good innings in this market lately that many professionals think it is time a turn was taken in the other direction. Consequently covering purchases on a fairly large scale have been the order of the last few days. The Consolidated Gold Fields dividend, at the same rate as last year, with £11,000 extra carried forward, was quite as good as anybody hoped, and the Transvaal gold output for October was in conformity with expert anticipations. The adverse factors in the Kaffir market are the slackening labour supply in view of the mines' increasing requirements and the lack of public confidence, which is certainly not improved by such incidents as the East Rand debenture underwriting scheme. Rhodesians are in better odour perhaps, Rose of Sharon's attaining prominence owing to the receipt of an exceedingly hopeful report from the directors.

In the oil share market rumour is rife with secret conferences and settlements of the oil war. The rise in the price of petrol may be a sign of agreement in one field of action, or it may indicate a shortage of ammunition. Dealers are incredulous as to peace rumours, but the more astute of them are making nice profits by quick turns in "Shells".

THE FILM.

A YOUNG man sat in the dark, facing the screen of a cinematograph, and loved a film. He fell, that is, in love with a girl projected smiling for a long, difficult, hurried yet lingering minute upon that screen: a minute "telescoped" (as they say of a long train effectually shortened and closed up in a collision) by the inordinate action of the machine, and yet stretched, paradoxically, by the girl's uneasy consciousness. She had walked, with quickened steps, in vibrating beauty of shape and action, through several scenes of a rose-garden, in company with other girls who were fair-haired and richly curled, whereas she was dark, smooth, and very simple. And now she appeared (as the rest did one by one) alone, enlarged, indeed colossal; but the cruel light, delving furrows in the lines of her smile, doing to her what the difference of scale did, in Gulliver's eyes, to the maids of honour at the Court of Brobdingnag, was not able to spoil her extraordinary beauty. The young man's heart went out to her, to know her, to veil, to reassure her, to help her to flash away from all those eyes, to enclose her sweetness and her slight embarrassment within his own gentle thoughts and memory.

He was puzzled as to what he loved. He quoted to himself Waller's lines on the lover of a Vandyck portrait, who

"Enquires her name, that has his heart"

But that was a picture; this was a film. That lady was only by a trick of words a lady; she was paint and canvas. She was motionless; this girl moved—moved with more than the moderate vivacity of life. That was a conceit, this was a passion. Between Waller's lover and his love stood an interpreting Vandyck; between this young man and his love stood no man; it was he, it was she.

A photograph again: the reflection of a moment, of a woman as she looked a moment; dead and gone, dead and gone, the moment; and she on her way about other matters. A photograph was not she. But look, see *her*, the lady of the film, actual, alive. Thus had she, partly professional, partly still private at her public task, turned her abashed eyes, evasive; thus had her eyelids flickered, as though those stars her eyes had flickered within; almost thus. At any rate they had given to the rushing machine a modest hint of their authentic life. Thus had she turned a little before she should, so as to have done. Thus he watched her. It was he, it was she. Ah, no, no! It was life, but it was a film, and it had no relation to time at all, no present.

For, when had she looked so?—when smiled so at the word of command, when endured, when escaped so, when so withdrawn her face from the flashing lights? Not in his presence, not for him, not under the observance and protection of his eyes, not before the homage of his heart. Other eyes she had caught—a few—as she stood; then, in her quality as a film, a million eyes: in New York, at Turin, at Brixton; he thought of the places where he knew of cinematographs, he thought of the spectators. Strange, ignorant, untravelled traveller, she may have gone round the world, or even now be on that journey. And the past was not the saddest; the present and the future were not for him or her. She was not to know him who knew the tricks of her face, who knew them so exaggerated, so urged, so hastened and hustled, who knew them in the intimacy of that photographic enlargement, who had seen her obedient eyes lifted to the camera, lifted to the rows of men and women in a hundred halls. Often (for the young man went to that cinematograph daily until her programme was changed, and she, the film, on her travels) he placed himself so that he might hope to capture her look, to take it to himself, to intercept it on its vague way into the "brown" of the public; to make of it an arm of precision for his own eyes. He sat out several repetitions of her serviceable beauty in one day, and lay in wait, but with no success.

When the programme was changed he followed her, and in time resolved to trace back to its source the stream of thought that had rushed upon his heart. "Like rivers in the South", he said, remembering something in Scripture, "like rivers in the South". Ah, if he might always know where she wandered in captivity, if he might follow her random involuntary steps, why might he not find her where she rested, where she hid, where she took that hat off, where she laid her delicate head in sleep, and gave the modest face the gravity that was its nature, and went about household things?—unconscious of the million eyes appraising her, slighting her, indifferent eyes and admiring, and the two that sought her own in the vain hope of making a privacy in that publicity. The film was Italian. He went to Milan, whence, he learned, it had been issued, and where—hardly to his surprise, for he seemed to expect so much—it was then exhibiting. He applied to the management in careful Italian, and was told that the names of "artists" were not given to inquirers. He was glad the management denied him his wish, it left her the seclusion he would so willingly have shared, and it was respectful to her on the part of the management. He tried to attribute something fatherly to the large Jewish man who answered him. He hoped she had a father to protect her in her distance; but this man by his discretion deserved at any rate the right to protect her film.

But in another moment the reply came—expected in a story; fresh, keen, mortal in fact; the management, glancing at him a second time, seemed to change its

mind. The young man had described the film he loved, albeit he had made shift to shuffle it among descriptions of the films he did not love. And now the management stopped him as he was taking leave, turned back the pages of the typewritten book lying on the office table, and said one exception to the rule of keeping back the names might be made; the original of one of the films could not be pursued, and her name might be given; for she was dead. The young man did not hear the name of her who had his heart. Shifting his place that day during three or four repetitions of the cinematograph programme, he lighted on a seat whence, or so he thought, he met for the first time, as the face grew tired of its smile and wavered, the level look of those dark eyes that saw no more, and would never see again.

A. M.

THE LITTLE THEATRE.

FOR the critic who takes himself seriously it is a humiliating thought how very personal and accidental a thing criticism is. Looking back on the plays we have seen, or the books we have read, who is there that can lay his hand upon his heart and say that he really did appraise them on their merits? The play that moved us, the book that delighted us—was it really the play and really the book? Or was it the dinner that went before, the fire on the hearth, and the only possible friend who discussed it with us over the only possible cigar? I have a firm conviction that the works of Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson are finer by a great deal than the works of Henrik Ibsen. But are they? I can still remember how comfortable I was on the particular and wonderful evening when first I came to know Bjørnson. And the book, of all books, was "Mary"; and one is told by the people who read Bjørnson in the original tongue that "Mary" is quite unworthy of its author. But I shall never forget the night when first I read it, nor will all the critics in the world make "Mary" less a memory and a power with me than I found it then. But surely it is very humiliating. This side the Channel we do not form "schools" of criticism—not as the common thing. We are not banded in hostile factions—at least usually we are not. We do not go to the theatre to scream down our opponents and to establish the truth of our own particular code of art. Generally speaking, we apply the one critical test. You just ask yourself the important question—How does the thing strike me? This way is a perilous way, but it is the English way, and no more perilous than the way of the "schools". Englishmen, as a rule, never will be solemn or ecstatic about art. The Kelt will weep and quiver with artistic rage on the smallest provocation; whether he be a man of taste or not, whether he be of the cultivated or the ignorant, still he will have a whole gamut of artistic passions, vehement and assured. It is his birthright. The Englishman, whose artistic production is as fine and true as any the Kelt can show, is quite content to sit in judgment upon his own performances after dinner. After dinner is the proper time for these things. Who ever heard an Englishman discussing art and letters over the breakfast-table? There is the test.

Miss Gertrude Kingston knows us very well. Whatever the quality of her plays, she is determined to begin by making us feel pleased and at home. Her theatre is what women call a "dear little place"—just a large room, the stage so near to everybody that at times you feel as if you would like to step right into the middle of the play and take an impromptu part in the performance. Not a word or gesture is lost. The gain in realism is immense. One is looking at something actually taking place in the drawing-room in which one happens to be. It almost gives one the feeling of being an eavesdropper. To be right in the company of Miss Kingston and Miss Rosina Filippi is enough to make the evening. What does it matter about the play? You are in good company, and out of the draught, and in a comfortable chair, and you are neither too hot nor too cold. By one of the hedonistic refinements which characterise the Little

Theatre you do not know—at least you are not supposed to know—who is the author of the play you are witnessing. You may lose yourself in pleasant conjecture, finding somebody here, somebody else there, or imagining a syndicate of all the talents.

I write all this because I do not want anyone to pay the least attention to anything I may say about the play now running at the Little Theatre. It appears from the morning papers that the play was in three acts. I did not see more than one. I was so delighted with the first act that I refused to see any more. When one is out for pleasure, one must be as wise as Epicurus and as moderate as Socrates. The first act of "Just to Get Married" was, in its way, perfection. Why spoil it by seeing the others? A young woman twenty-nine years old has accepted an ardent lover from the Colonies, not because she loves him, but "just to get married". This she does to escape from an aunt and an uncle who have been good enough to keep her on their hands all these years. Naturally enough, they are a little tired of being good. They have children of their own, and not a great deal of money. The end of Act I. sees the niece successfully engaged. It is quite a little play in itself, full of quiet realism and sincere feeling. And, of course, it was perfectly obvious what would happen next. The engaged people would marry; the man would discover his wife had accepted him "just to get married"; there would be a period of discomfort and suspense; and in the end the wife would fall in love with her husband. This has been the correct thing for a stage wife to do ever since the time of Georges Ohnet and the "Maitre des Forges". Why linger all this out?

"Shakespeare has said that it is very silly
To gild refined gold and paint the lily."

The right thing to do was to go home. The others who chose to stay were making a mistake. They would get hot and tired and dull. That I would never be on such a night as this.

Of course it was a dereliction of duty. I was not there to enjoy myself. But Miss Kingston made everybody so comfortable that the idea was natural. When I got home I remembered that—so far as this play was concerned—I was a dramatic critic; and there were twinges of conscience. Next morning was a morning of horror. The gentlemen who had done their duty, and stayed behind, and written careful reports of all that happened in the theatre after I had left were unanimous in saying that none of the things I had expected to happen had happened. It was useless to be angry. In every well-regulated theatre they ought to have happened. The wife ought to have married the man, and she ought to have fallen in love with him afterwards. It was a breach of theatrical precedent and decorum that she did not. It seems pretty certain, however (I cannot even now quite believe it), that the woman actually refused to go on with the play as she was by immemorial precedent bound to do. She refused to marry the man, and went to London to get a living. In fact, all through Act II., when I was thinking of her as a married woman, conducting herself as a woman in her position should when she is on the stage, she was actually in London and unattached.

But she did marry him in the end: so I was right after all. No: not altogether right. This play—I must not say who is the author—is not a finished piece of merely conventional stage-work. The author has honestly tried, as many are trying, to get away from the ordinary stage types. So much was clear from the first act. It was also clear that it was quite unnecessary to stay for the others. The author's touch was not yet sure. Sooner or later the play would break down. It is good to note that the attempt has been made, which, for the present, is all that need be noted. Perhaps the best that can be said for the play is this: it would be quite possible for a really intelligent audience to enjoy it in any ordinary big and draughty theatre. Miss Kingston's elaborate care of us is almost wasted. But it was well to be honest. My opinion of "Just

to Get Married" is of no more value than my opinion of Björnsterne Björnson. It is of no more value than any other after-dinner opinion, formed in the British way. But I mean to stick to it. P. J.

ENGLISH SONGS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

WHO was the first man to make a joke, and what did his friends do to him? Was the deed carefully premeditated, of malice aforethought? Or was it a spontaneous, volcanic outburst of the innate facetiousness stored up and suppressed in mankind for millions of years? A real joke I mean, of course, not one of those acts of idiotic personal violence called practical jokes nor a pun. Speculation is worse than idle—it leads only to despair. We cannot know even the name of the pioneer of the art of being funny; history is silent as to whether he was stoned as a malefactor or crowned and enthroned as a beneficent god. And, so far as all nations but one are concerned, it is equally unprofitable to inquire who made the last joke. All men are in a rough sort of working agreement that the incident occurred some long while back; but were I to take any joke in the current "Punch" and ask "Who did it?" claimants might be brought forth from all countries and eras. Which Scotchman first set up as a humorist? History again is silent. Who was the last? Still silence. It is useless to say there was neither first nor last, that no Scot ever yet joked, with or without difficulty. Universal experience contradicts this. I myself know a Scot who has made two (2) jokes, neither of them very bad, and another who tried to make one. True, he did not succeed; but honest striving counteth to any man, even a Scot, for righteousness. Moreover, three of the hugest pieces of pleasantries ever perpetrated—none of your little ephemeral, parochial sallies, but of the universal, earth-shaking sort—came from Scotland. Home's "Douglas", for instance, was no joke, but a very serious affair—dull itself though the cause of much wit in others—and yet what a colossal bit of humour was the question "Where's Wullie Shakespeare th' noo?" Shortly after this came a brilliant touch of wit divinely interfused with humour in the shape of the proposition that Scotch music of any kind was tolerable. Even that did not satisfy Caledonian aspirations in the facetious direction, and a bold spirit carried, so to speak, the war into the enemy's country by asserting that we English had no folk-songs that counted. This effort, I take it, exhausted the nation; wearied and played-out Scottish humour laid itself down and died the death. It does not matter: Scotland can live on her reputation; for the rest of Europe has not yet left off laughing.

For a long time the English did not laugh at all. Not expecting any sort of joke from Scotland, we took the statements literally. We accepted the view that there was no national English music, and that Scottish songs could be endured by the ordinary human ear. Not in the novels of Scott alone, but in those of Fielding and Thackeray we find references to good souls who detested showy classical music, but were deeply moved by "a simple Scots air". Scottish editors and reviewers of collections of English songs have again and again pointed out our poverty in folk-song and its lack of really national character; and we have suffered these dunces and music-deaf dullards to impose their views on us. We fell an easy prey to the Scotch editor, Scotch reviewer and Scotch historian. We were already thralls to the foreigner of every description who pretended to be a musician; and the foreigner who could detect neither beauty nor character in our splendid old English songs could not, however stupid he might be, help noticing the snap and the scale without a seventh which serves to make Scotch tunes distinguishable from other tunes. The scale without a seventh, or with a major seventh and a minor sixth, is characteristic of the folk-music of half the nations of Europe; but the Scotch claimed it as their own, and

the foreign musical rulers of England backed them to the extent of declaring that their music had an individuality which ours did not possess. During the last twenty years there has been a revolt. In this REVIEW some years ago, nervous and cautious as I am, I yet ventured to say that in my opinion nearly all Scotch music is abominable, and that the part which is not abominable is not Scotch but cribbed from the English or the Irish. And now that—very largely owing to the enthusiasm and toils of Mr. Cecil Sharp—great quantities of more or less unadulterated, or at any rate undiluted, English folk-song are being published we English are beginning to join in the foreign laughter at the joke of the Scotch pretension and the funnier joke of the Scotch contempt for English music. Our folk-music is as fine as any in the world. Purcell absorbed it into his blood and gave us as a result music of a freshness, strength, delicate beauty and breadth that were new qualities in music—at least when combined in one kind of music—at the time he wrote, just as Haydn absorbed Hungarian folk-tunes and used them as at once the basis and the inspiration of his noblest symphonies.

Folk-music is necessarily old music, the expression of the natural, essential and fundamental feelings of primitive humanity. Later imitations rarely possess any value. Use can only be made of the old by later composers when the impulse is fresh and the thing is done only half self-consciously. That is the way Purcell and Haydn worked; later composers can hope to do little good: they are self-conscious, they have not felt and can hardly feel the inspiration; when they use folk-tunes as themes they are compelled by the circumstances and the age in which they live to treat them as themes invented for the occasion—as themes, that is, capable of being worked up into highly self-conscious forms of art. Note, for example, Stanford's Irish rhapsodies or Mackenzie's "Pibroch". The rhapsodies of Liszt and Brahms are not exceptions to the broad rule: they are show pieces meant only to tickle the jaded modern imagination by their national flavouring of rhythm, melodic tricks and harmony. No great work of art has been created in this form. And disaster is even more immediate and formidable when a modern composer tries to continue what he calls the "tradition" of a national type of song. I have just read with some interest a book by Mr. Harold Simpson, called "A Century of Ballads (1810-1910)".* Mr. Simpson gives some account of the evolution of the ballad, and endeavours to establish some connexion between the ancient ballads and those of the last hundred years. He is far too hospitable: he takes into his modest pantheon people who have no claim whatever to be regarded as serious composers—Mr. Lawrence Kelly, Mr. Ganz and others. But, allowing for this generosity in the treatment of song-writers of absolutely no artistic importance, he certainly makes one thing plain: that during the last hundred years no good ballads—using the word in its old and proper sense—have been written. Dibdin, Hatton and others of that school scribbled cheerful stuff that pleases at pot-house smoking concerts, but nothing in the least satisfying to anyone who feels the difference between music that is music and music that is not. This older class of writers belonged to the same species as the Robertsons, Byrons and Albert Smiths: we find plenty of inexplicable merriment, but no wit and less brains. As for the ballad-mongers of to-day, it makes one mournful to think that not only will some persons buy and sing their music, but that people sit in parlours of an evening and listen to it, and—I fear—enjoy it.

A concert given on Thursday evening by Mr. Charles Copeland and a few of his pupils was devoted entirely to British music, and it is a mere fact that the English did not shine with striking brilliance. Mme. Liza Lehmann's series of concerted and solo pieces "In a Persian Garden" is familiar to everyone now; and in a sense Mr. Arthur Somervell's settings of songs from "Maud" are familiar too: every phrase, every harmonic progression, was old and had been frequently

* Mills and Boon. 10s. 6d. net.

set down long before Mr. Somervell came on the scene. It is pleasant music, and not too clever; and, frankly, I like it. It is mildly Academic, but not so much so as to render the composer a dangerous rival to the powers that be. I cannot imagine what some Scottish critic of the future will say about it when he comes to examine the "English" music of the present. But if he is very hard on Mr. Somervell, and I am still alive, I will point to certain achievements of Sir Alexander MacKenzie—who is, I presume, a Scot, though like many other Scots he stays away a good deal from Scotland. Some incidental music written for "Manfred" was played by Richter at the London Symphony Orchestra's concert on Monday, and it was not stuff calculated to stagger humanity. Still, it had a sort of elephantine vigour, if not gracefulness, and will undoubtedly be played again some day. On the same occasion a thing called "The Bamboula", by Mr. Coleridge Taylor, was given. Words fail me: my feelings on the subject are inexpressible. At least they might prove unprintable, perhaps owing to the fact that the linotype is a highly respectable machine and declines to aid and abet an exasperated musical critic.

POST-IMPRESSIONISTS.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

THE Goupil Gallery Salon has become a recognised centre for our younger painters. Talent and promise of the most varied kind gain admittance here; and though under the auspices of no society or committee, the exhibition is as well selected and arranged as any of the kind in London. In the present show Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Orpen must be accounted the protagonists. Mr. Nicholson's "Marie", a half-length portrait of a lady, the delicate profile in shadow against a grey background, has a subtlety and distinction which he has not always attained. It is challenged by Mr. Orpen's "Bright Morning by the Sea", a woman's figure bathed in the pearly clearness of sunshine and moist air with a dappled sky behind, a variation in light tones on similar themes which we have seen from the artist's hand. In the same room is Mr. Pryde's striking composition "The Flying Dutchman", more fanciful than imaginative, but boldly planned and spaced. There is, of course, an abundance of landscape, aiming for the most part at brightness, freshness, breeziness; M. Blanche's and Mr. Nicholson's still-life painting is as brilliant as ever; there are pleasant interiors by Mr. Connard and others; and among modern idylls the "Full Summer" of Mrs. Knight stands out by its gaiety of colour and graceful vigour. It is all very attractive and accomplished, this exhibition, and as modern and youthful as we expect to find in London. But how sober, how staid it seems, if we cross Piccadilly and pay a visit to the Grafton Gallery! For there at last we belated islanders are privileged to make acquaintance with the masters of Post-Impressionism. By an admirably discreet arrangement, reminding one of a Turkish bath, the shock of the revelation is only administered by degrees. In the first room you need scarcely be uneasy; Manet reigns there, and Manet is already a classic; in the second room the temperature is more exciting, you are in face of Gauguin and Van Gogh; and only when sufficiently acclimatised need you venture yet further into the wild realms of Matisse and his compeers.

But what is Post-Impressionism? French art, at least since the Revolution, cannot get on without "movements". These are created by one or two real talents, joined almost invariably sooner or later by a crowd of followers who hope to make up for their want of talent, want of ideas, or want of both, by making a deal of noise and catching the new accent as well as they are able. My insular prejudice distrusts these "ists" and "isms". But perhaps it is no fault of the artists themselves that they have these portentous labels hung round their necks. At any rate, this particular movement is quite easily accounted for, whatever

the claims made for what it is supposed to have achieved. Impressionism in France developed from certain instinctive preferences and methods into a very conscious theory. Its efforts became concentrated on one particular problem, which it was hoped to solve by scientific inquiry and experiment—the rendering of the effects of sunlight by pigment. That is to say, it degenerated into a side-issue. Some canvases by Signac and Seurat exhibited at the Grafton illustrate the cold-blooded puerilities which some years ago were supposed in Paris to be the last word in painting. Anyone could foretell that reaction must come. Painters had strayed from the highroad and wanted to get back to the main concerns of art; they had given themselves up to a passive acceptance of the appearances of Nature, an attitude consciously divested of all intelligent interest, so far as that is possible for thinking man. Mere optical sensation had been the one aim in view. What was lost was, to put it briefly and roughly, design. The new movement was obviously a reaction. But it is not fashionable to be a reactionary; therefore the movement must be represented as a step forward. It must be carried to extremes. The "new" aim was to get behind the appearances of things, to render the dynamic forces of life and nature, the emotional significance of things. Away with imitation, let us get to primal energies and realities, was the cry. Away with plausibility, let us have the extreme of directness and simplification! Well, at bottom, was not this a healthy reaction, a movement in the right direction? European art has become so cumbered with its complex endeavour to represent the complete effect of a scene, sculptural form, light and shadow, natural colour and atmosphere, that nine painters out of ten forget the first business of art, which is with rhythmical design. Having often reproached our young painters for being too contented with merely pleasant aspects, with their cosy interiors and nice furniture caressed by sunshine, their pretty Early Victorian antiquarianism, their picnic landscapes; having exhorted them to think of painting less as an amusing game and more as a serious expression of thought and feeling, I should have the greatest sympathy with a movement aiming at the recovery of profounder and more strenuous moods, daring greatly at whatever sacrifice. Had I only read the preface to the catalogue of this exhibition, I could keep my sympathy. But I confess that the exhibition itself leaves me sad. Not one of these Post-Impressionists seems to me strong enough to carry out the programme. Reluctantly I am driven to the conclusion that it is only one or two in a generation from whom we can hope for success in the attempt to communicate the real realities, the deep places of human emotion and experience. The majority are better left with the gracious and agreeable, the lighter impressions of existence. Here is the cardinal fallacy, the fallacy illustrated so conspicuously by so great an intellect as Francis Bacon, that it is possible to discover a method or an instrument which will make all gifts equal, or at least put all equally on the way to producing works of depth and truth. Is it that uncompromising French logic, of which we hear so much, or is it merely the bluff and bunkum which seem fated to surround every Parisian art movement, that must be accounted responsible for the childish rubbish so pompously presented to us on certain walls of the Grafton Gallery? It matters little. Childish is what they aim at being. The child, uncorrupted by the ambition to create a deceptive imitation, goes directly for the essential things in drawing. Yes, but there is nothing more tedious than affected naïveté; and the efforts of unpromising children, of which we are reminded more than once, may bore even the fondest parent. We do not get nearer to the roots of things by painting houses which would fall down before they were built in landscapes where foreground and distance jumble in chaos. We may have suppressed the superficial aspect, dear to the bourgeois eye, but this, after all, is only a negative achievement.

Let us recall a drawing by Rembrandt. Is anything in this exhibition more simplified in method than one

of those sketches of landscape or figures, done to all appearance with clumsy rude strokes of reed-pen and sepia? And yet those are landscapes into which one can walk surely into far distances; those are figures which live and move, which are wrung with poignant emotion. Or let us take a nearer instance: the paintings of Daumier. Neither Gauguin nor any of this school approaches Daumier's power of summing up the animating passion of a figure in a gesture, nor surpasses him in audacity of simplification. But Daumier was trained and exercised in inventive design; he did not grow up among Impressionists. It is really rather ludicrous to pretend that these Post-Impressionists have discovered anything new. One would infer from the preface to the catalogue that all contemporary painters had lost their way in a fog, that masters like Daumier had been forgotten, and that Cézanne alone could deliver them. One cannot write the history of modern art from the standpoint of a Parisian coterie. The reputation of Cézanne is a mystery to me. The two later men, Gauguin and Van Gogh, are more remarkable. Van Gogh was a colourist, and had a personal way of seeing things; it is a pity that he had not more power in carrying out what he wanted to do. One can see what he was attempting in his "Blés d'Or" (No. 70); but think what Blake would have made of such a vision of the waving corn! Gauguin is a stronger man, with a sense of the sinister, the exotic, the bizarre—a gift for strange and sullen colour; and at times his simplified form has hints of primitive grandeur; you feel the interest of a personality behind the work. But here again there is more struggle than mastery. None of these paintings could hold a candle to the "Smiling Woman" of Augustus John, which the Contemporary Art Society has, I am delighted to see, acquired for the nation.

Besides the Gauguins and Van Goghs, the things of interest (apart from the fine show of Manets) are the examples of Maurice Denis, Jules Flandrin, and Picasso. The "Nude Girl with a Basket of Flowers", by the last named, is painted and modelled with wonderful subtlety; and the same artist's fine drawings in the end room should not be missed. M. Flandrin works on somewhat similar lines to M. Denis, but seems a better artist. His "Danse des Vendanges" has a great deal of charm; one feels in it the tradition of Ingres and Chassériau still flowering naturally in the atmosphere of newer influences.

THE BIDDING AT AUCTION BRIDGE.

By "HELLESPONT".

HE would have been a bold man who would have dared to prophesy five years ago that within the interval bridge, which had so entirely ousted whist from the card-rooms of the world, would itself be successfully challenged by a new game. The chief blemish of bridge, and the one which mainly contributed to its dethronement in many clubs, is the prescriptive privilege of the dealing side to make the declaration. No matter what cards you hold, you can make very little use of them unless you or your partner deals. There are other minor defects, but this is the principal one, and a game from which it is eliminated was bound to be favourably received. One of the reasons which make auction bridge so attractive is that whenever you hold a good hand you are able to make full use of it.

The principal objection to auction bridge is that one is so much at the mercy of one's partner. His powers for evil are practically limitless, and often, with the best of intentions and with a considerable show of reason on his side, he may convert a very comfortable winning position into a hopelessly losing one. As the game becomes better known, however, this bogey will be gradually laid. That auction bridge marks a vast improvement upon its predecessor cannot be denied.

Like any other novelty, it had to contend at first against a certain amount of opposition, partly due to prejudice and partly to ignorance. Its opponents affirmed that it was a much more gambling game than

bridge and that it reduced skilful play to a minimum. By "gambling" presumably is meant that larger sums of money are involved—since gambling is a purely relative term. The average amount won or lost over a rubber at auction bridge, however, is capable of adjustment to a point exactly equivalent to the gains or losses over a bridge rubber, and it is merely a question of regulating the unit value. Players who are in the habit of playing threepenny points at bridge can limit their auction bridge rubbers to the same aggregate by halving their points. It is only necessary to divide the total by two!

As to there being very little play in auction bridge, men who hold such views would speedily have cause to change them if they played the game. After all, the best standard by which to gauge the value of good play is the amount with which it is rewarded. At bridge, by bad play, a man who is 24 up only wins the odd trick, when he ought to have made at least three by cards. Diamonds are trumps, and it is the final game. All he loses is 12 points in the rubber total. At auction, he has been forced to bid up to three diamonds. A good player fulfils his contract and wins the game and rubber. The bad player, above alluded to, loses 100 above the line, and perhaps next deal loses the rubber. The mistaken idea that there is very little play in auction bridge arises from the view that the preliminary bidding discloses all about the hands. In practice it does not. To some extent, when the bidding has been general, the location of suits has been indicated; but it is the cards in the suits that matter, and, after all, the opportunities for the exhibition of skill most often arise towards the end of a hand, long after all such information as has been afforded by the bidding has ceased to be of any value or interest.

In its earlier days auction bridge, in the same way as bridge, was played upon altogether wrong lines, and unfortunately the earlier writers on the game published these mistaken doctrines far and wide. One fallacy was that it pays better to defeat your adversaries' declarations than to win rubbers. Another, that because when you play a hand on, say, a club declaration, you only score 4 points below the line for each trick gained and lose 50 above for each one short of your contract, you are laying odds of 50 to 4 on. You are, of course, doing nothing of the kind. There was also a terrible lot of misconception about the various declarations. The longer the game has been played, the sounder the basis upon which it is being built up. Declarations are now conceived upon rational principles; and the absurd convention that existed when auction bridge was in its infancy, to the effect that the dealer should declare one spade nine times out of ten, and that it was incumbent upon his partner to take him out, is as dead as Queen Anne.

The bidding is a very important feature of the game, and, in order to be proficient at it, certain qualities of temperament are requisite, as well as considerable experience. The final bid is commonly known as the contract, and failure to fulfil a contract incurs a penalty of 50 points above the line for each trick short. This is one of the points that make auction bridge so much more interesting than bridge proper. At bridge, if spades are declared and the adversaries win eight tricks, they only score four below and whatever honours they may hold. At auction, if a player bids one spade and loses the odd, his adversaries score 50 above the line, or 100 if they double. The over-line loss in spades, however, is limited to 100 points, even though the other side doubles and makes a grand slam. This is the protection afforded by the laws to very bad hands. If, however, Two Spades is declared, this safeguard is removed, and should the adversaries double and win, say, nine tricks, they score 400 above. It is immaterial what the declaration is. If a player bids, say, two clubs, diamonds, hearts, or no trumps, and only wins five tricks, he is three short of his contract and loses 150 above, or 300 if doubled. The same for a black suit as for a red, or "no trump".

This fact has given rise to an error already referred to—viz., that because when you bid, say, one club and

fail, you lose 50 above, and only score 4 below when you succeed, you are laying 50 to 4 on yourself; whereas when your bid is one "no trump" you are, for the same reason, laying 50 to 12 only. This fallacy is due to superficial and careless examination, resulting in confusing the chance of making seven tricks out of thirteen with the reward you get for making them or the penalty you incur for failing to do so. The following simple examples will dispel this delusion in reference to such odds. Supposing a player holds eight hearts from the ace to the seven, the ace of spades, and the aces and kings of diamonds and clubs. He has an absolute certainty of a grand slam without trumps, and a practical certainty of one with hearts trumps. With the first declaration the declarer is bound to score 140 above the line and 84 below; and with the second he is almost sure to score 120 above and 56 below. Supposing he declares one "no trump", or one heart, he is undertaking to score only 12 or 8 below, whereas both contracts are a certainty. By what possible obliquity of vision can anyone see that he is laying 50 to 12 or 50 to 8 on himself?

Or again, supposing the dealer bids two spades, with a huitième major in the suit, and becomes the declarer. His contract *cannot* fail, and he is laying no 25 to 1. Finally, if a player lays 25 to 1 on himself to make the odd trick—i.e. seven tricks out of thirteen—and then undertakes, with the same hands, to make eight or nine tricks, he has either laid too short odds on the first issue or is laying much too heavy ones on the second and third. There is in reality absolutely no connexion between the chances of fulfilling an undertaking on the one hand and the reward for doing so or the penalty for failing on the other. They are totally distinct events.

When the system of bidding is properly understood it becomes an intelligent method of communication, and comprises the conversation of the game; so that players who omit to acquaint themselves thoroughly with it wilfully elect to remain in a position of disadvantage. The play of the hands after the bidding is over differs but little from that of ordinary bridge, except that the opening lead always has to be made up to the declarer. This is of great assistance to a player who wishes to bid "no trump" when he holds king and one other only of a suit his adversaries have been calling. When the preliminary bidding has been at all general a certain amount of indication is given regarding the suits held; but this information is never so precise as to nullify the advantage of skilful play. When the younger hand has indicated a suit during the bidding it is almost invariably the elder's best course to open with it; the only exception is when he holds one which he has reasonably good grounds for considering to be better than his partner's.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EGYPTIAN AGITATORS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Imperial Hotel, Russell Square, London,
31 October 1910.

SIR,—I cannot understand why the Egyptian agitators are referred to by the European press as the Egyptian Nationalists, and are spoken of as representing the whole of the Egyptian people. The correct name should be the Egyptian Moslem Revolutionaries. All the so-called Nationalists are fanatics. There are one million Christians, who collectively own more than one-third of the whole property of Egypt; moreover, there are many sober-minded Moslems who have solid interests in Egypt; all these important sections, who love Egypt more than Messrs. Keir Hardie, Wilfrid Blunt, and John Dillon, are strongly opposed to the Egyptian Revolutionaries. Our agitators now claim that they secured the active assistance of the Irish and Indian people against England. The poor, simple-minded natives are made to believe that this is a proof of the weakness of England, and that the time will

soon be ripe for the holy war which will drive the "English" from the land.

I am an Egyptian, and state emphatically to those who sympathise with the so-called Nationalist movement that, although the British have done much for Egypt, the country needs them to-day more than ever. If the British were to withdraw, the country would soon be in a worse state than it was thirty years ago, and every native Christian would carry his life in his hands. Indeed, to-day, we Christians hold the British responsible for our lives. We, the Copts, wish to live on friendly terms with the Moslems and everybody else in Egypt, but the Egyptian Revolutionary party always destroy what we build, and disturb the friendly relations between the Moslems and Copts. The wealthy Copts have built mosques on their estates for Mohammedans, and they accept Moslem children in their schools, although no Coptic boy is ever accepted in the schools of the Moslem society.

Much has been written recently in the Egyptian papers about the Ghali-Chimi incident. Chimi Bey, an advocate, a journalist, a leader of the Revolutionary party, who worked with all his might for the defence of the murderer of Butros Pasha Ghali, without fees, and without being asked for help by the assassin and his friends—this man entered the offices of Negib Pasha Ghali, son of the late Butros Pasha Ghali, without permission, and for no other reason but to wound his feelings; Negib Pasha Ghali turned him out. The organs of the party of Chimi Bey took this chance, and attacked Negib Pasha Ghali with the greatest acerbity, saying that this action on his part was an insult to all the Moslems. Rushdi Pasha, a shrewd Moslem, Minister for Foreign Affairs, seeing that the Nationalist papers took the opportunity to increase the enmity between the Copts and Moslems, brought about a settlement between Ghali Pasha and Chimi Bey, which was made public through the Ministry of the Interior, and it put an end to the revolutionary articles of the Moslem press on this subject. Acts similar to that of Chimi Bey are becoming frequent on the part of members of the Moslem Revolutionary party. It seems that when a man becomes a member of this party he has a right to consider the high officials as his servants and to enter their offices without permission. An agitator recently asked the readers of one of their papers "if the foolishness of the Copts was not causing the Moslems to be angry, and the result of their anger would be a revolution for which the English would be responsible".

This is not the only threat of this nature that we have had recently from Nationalist sources, and it clearly indicates that some trouble is brewing. That it will assume the character of a fanatical outbreak against the native Christians, the Copts, cannot be doubted. The equivocations of the agitators know no end. They tell us they have no hand in the wrongs, if any, done to the Copts, and they call us traitors for bringing our grievances to the authorities concerned.

They always cleverly refer us to the wording of their programme in disowning their propaganda.

They curse the Copts, and say "our written principles are not anti-Christian". They continually attack the Khedive, and do their best to make people dislike him, even going so far as to suggest that he is opposed to the welfare of the country, by being at one with the British Diplomatic Agents; and in vindication of their insinuations do not scruple to quote the pledge that binds them to defend the throne.

They propagate murder and insurrection, and shamelessly say: "Point out, if you can, any revolutionary article in our rules".

Do the "honourable" British gentlemen who are throwing the weight of their influence on the side of the so-called Nationalists realise this? Do they know that by encouraging these agitators they are preparing the way for a violent outbreak of fanaticism and atrocity? I think that it would be useless for me to appeal to them, but I do appeal to all humanely disposed persons, of whatever political party they may be, in this country to rid us Egyptians of these external agitators, who, whenever the fire of revolutionary agitation in the

country is beginning to abate, do their best to fan it into flame. And to the Government I would appeal to take such steps as would check the nascent revolution before it breaks out, and not wait until a tragedy or series of tragedies similar to the assassination of Butros Pasha stirs them to action. For no fair-minded person can clear the British from responsibility for the assassination of the Egyptian Premier, which was the result of the journalistic anarchy which they allow.

KYRIAKOS MIKHAIL.

THE SHOP HOURS BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 November 1910.

SIR,—The footnote you were good enough to append to my letter of last week on the Shop Hours Bill impels me to ask the favour of your space once more.

You suggest that there is not the probability of sweating in the shop run by a family that there is in one where assistants are employed. The humanitarian thought that inspired your addendum has my profound sympathy. Sweating I regard as one of the most abhorrent practices, and it should be rigorously dealt with. But if this Bill should become law as it stands it is more than possible that sweating will be considerably intensified.

Statistics recently compiled show that about sixty per cent. of the retail shops employ no assistants; only about fifteen per cent. are dependent on a staff of any magnitude; twenty to twenty-five per cent. are keeping one or two "hands" whom they will make every effort to discharge so as to render their businesses outside the scope of the Bill.

The danger of sweating lies in connexion with the last section. Boys and girls as soon as they leave school will be ruthlessly turned into the vacant places by parents who must have help, though they cannot afford assistants. Now an ordinary employee is free to throw up his situation—I submit that a child is ten times more subject to the domination of an avaricious or desperate father.

It would probably surprise you, Sir, if you were to know the number of shops dealing in heavy goods—where a matter of twenty-eight pounds and even more has frequently to be picked up off the floor and placed upon the counter—in which the single serving "hand" is a young girl for many hours of the day and night. It would horrify you to realise the hopeless misery of young wives with a budding family should they be pressed into shop service because the husbands, under the imposed restrictions, could not afford outside aid.

The purport of your footnote is to abolish sweating. I am with you, Sir, right up to the hilt. Let no man sweat his neighbour, nor his wife, nor his child, nor anything that is his. Set aside a reasonable proportion of the four-and-twenty hours for the purpose of shop-trading, then compel retailers, large and small, to close their premises. Such is the only equitable solution of the problem of reform that is so pre-eminently desirable.

Yours faithfully,

FAIR PLAY.

FRIVOLITY AND MURDER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Robing Room, Old Bailey, 1 November 1910.

SIR,—Your timely and outspoken article on the scandals connected with the Crippen and Le Neve trials at the Old Bailey has evoked warm approval among the practitioners in that ancient court. The whole trouble is due to the over-zealous exertions of obscure officials to accommodate the friends and relatives of City Councillors and other City functionaries. May I raise an inquiry which the Bar have for long discussed among themselves? Has not the time arrived when the Central Criminal Court of this Empire should be placed upon the status of the High Court under State control? Historic associations must be preserved from rude hands, but the dignity of the law of England must also be rendered immune from such criticisms as have

often been advanced against the City management and control of the Old Bailey.

Yours,
MEMBER OF BAR COMMITTEE.

SHAKESPEARE AND GAMMON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

36 Russell Square, W.C.

9 November 1910.

SIR,—The tercentenary of the Authorised Version of the Bible is to be celebrated next year. It is curious that Mr. H. B. Irving should start a controversy on the authorship of the translation at such a moment. Hitherto, the Authorised Version has been known as King James' Bible. The name of John Rainoldes has perhaps been more closely associated with it than any other, although he did not live to see the publication. It was he who made the demand for the revision at the Hampton Court Conference in 1603, but now Mr. Irving announces a discovery by Professor Tyrrell ironically claiming the authorship of the translation for Shakespeare.

The names of two of the translators were withheld and have not come down to us. It is possible that Shakespeare and Ben Jonson were included as poets.

The curious coincidence in the forty-sixth Psalm of the position of the words "shake" and "speare" has often been used; but Professor Tyrrell is entitled to the full credit of the discovery of the cryptomatic use of the word "Selah".

There is a saying in Germany that the English have two books—the Bible and Shakespeare, and that Shakespeare wrote the Bible. But it is in your issue of 5 November that, so far as I know, for the first time the point has been raised in England. Mr. H. B. Irving says that the Authorised Version was completed in the year 1610. If my recollection serves me rightly, either Gribble or Westcott, in his book on the History of the Bible, states that the translators brought the results of their labours to the King in 1609, and that he handed them back *completed* in 1610. Are we to imagine that King James called in the assistance of Shakespeare in adding the finishing touches to the work of the translators? Professor Saintsbury has said: "The plays of Shakespeare and the English Bible are, and will ever be, the twin monuments, not merely of their own period, but of the perfection of English, the complete expression of the literary capacities of the language". It would be difficult to find any Elizabethan writer, except the man who penned prose passages in Act 2, scene 2 of "Hamlet", and Act 4, scene 1 of "Henry V.", who was capable of transforming the previous translations of the Psalms into the superb poetry to be found in the Authorised Version, and of writing such a prose poem as the thirteenth chapter of the First of Corinthians.

One other point. When the publishers of the 1612 First Quarto of the Authorised Version had to select adornments for the title-page of the Genealogies they either supplied Robert Barker, the printer, with or instructed him to use the identical block from which the headpiece of "Venus and Adonis" in 1593 and "Lucrece" in 1594 was printed by Richard Field. I have searched hundreds of books printed between 1594 and 1612 and have not found this block used anywhere in the interval. At the bottom of the title-page of the Genealogies is reproduced the design which is found on the title-page of "The Arte of English Poesie", published anonymously in 1589 with a statement by the printer that he does not know the author. In the 1611 First Folio edition of the Authorised Version, at the top of the first page of the Genealogies is a headpiece of the well-known design, containing archers, rabbits, and dogs. The same design is also used over the address to "the only and incomparable paire of brethren" in the Folio edition of Shakespeare. Of course, these are only coincidences, but they appear to have some slight bearing on Professor Tyrrell's discovery.

Yours truly,
W. T. SMEDLEY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 November 1910.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. H. B. Irving, does not seem to be aware that he supplies a very strong Baconian argument when he points out how Shakespeare's name may be discovered in the Psalms. No one questions that King James' "authorised" version of the Bible was produced under Bacon's instructions. Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence in his book "Bacon is Shakespeare" points out that in Sonnet 78 Bacon says: "So oft have I invoked thee (Shakespeare) for my muse". The name of Shakespeare is therefore equivalent to the name of Bacon.

A BACONIAN.

LORD WELLESLEY AT SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sidestrand Hall, Cromer, 8 November 1910.

SIR,—Even Mr. Henry Lygon sometimes errs. Lord Hardinge was right, you were right, and my distinguished relative is wrong. Lord Wellesley was a Harrovian, and so strong a Harrovian that at the age of eleven he was expelled from Harrow for excess of Harrovian zeal. To show his disapproval of the appointment of an Etonian Headmaster he joined in a protest to the Governors, and, when they refused to listen, helped to smash one of their coaches. "A school", so ran his protest, "of such reputation ought not to be considered an appendix to Eton." Lord Wellesley, baffled by the Governors in his first attempt, succeeded in his second; for by proceeding to Eton he made it the appendix to Harrow.

Your obedient servant,
S. J. G. HOARE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 November 1910.

SIR,—Neither you nor your correspondents seem to have noted that Lord Wellesley only went to Eton after having had a slight disagreement with the authorities at Harrow, where he began his public-school career. He may therefore not unfairly be reckoned among the Harrovian Viceroy.

I think it was the present Master of Trinity who once remarked to the late Provost of Eton that but for this slight contretemps Arthur Wellesley (or Wesley as the name was then written) would in all probability have followed his brother to the school on the hill and the battle of Waterloo have been won in the playing fields of Harrow. On which the Provost tersely remarked "or lost".

I am your obedient servant,
R. A. AUSTEN LEIGH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 November 1910.

SIR,—It is perfectly true that Lord Wellesley is one of the many famous alumni of Royal Eton and that he is buried in the College Chapel beneath the beautiful Latin elegiacs of his own composition; but Lord Hardinge of Penshurst and you, Sir, were not wrong in giving him to Harrow, for he was at both schools.

In 1771 Dr. Benjamin Heath of Eton was appointed Headmaster of Harrow on the death of Dr. Robert Sumner. The boys preferred Samuel Parr, at that time an assistant master in his old school, to an importation from Eton, and a riot ensued. The governors, however, upheld Dr. Heath and Parr seceded to Stanmore, where he set up a rival school. The future Marquis Wellesley, then a boy of eleven, was removed from Harrow by his guardian, Archbishop Cornwallis, and sent to Eton. We read of him impenitent as to his conduct and entering the Archbishop's apartment waving one of the tassels from the wrecked carriage of Mr. Bucknall (a Harrow governor) and shouting "Victory".

To your list of Harrovian Viceroy of India may be added the name of the late Lord Lytton.

Your obedient servant,
A. R. BAYLEY.

REVIEWS.

"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE": LACUNÆ AND TEXT.

"Pride and Prejudice." By Jane Austen. Abridged and Edited by Mrs. Frederick Boas. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1910. 1s.

WHAT are we to say of this book? What can we think of a lady who hopes to present "Pride and Prejudice" "in a form suitable for school-reading" by the omission of short passages, the curtailment of conversations, and the shortening of descriptions? Boys and girls at school have little use for Jane Austen at any time, and it is hardly likely that they will find her any more attractive when most of the best passages in her novels have been excised. Nor can it be said that Mrs. Boas in her well-intentioned introduction and notes has added in any way to our information. Accuracy is hardly the leading characteristic of her statement that "Jane was the youngest of seven children; five brothers came first, then her dearly loved sister . . . Cassandra . . . and last herself after an interval of nearly four years", when the truth is that four brothers came first, then Cassandra, then another brother, then Jane, and finally a sixth brother, Jane being scarcely three years younger than Cassandra. And as to the notes, who in the name of the Prophet cares to be told, à propos of Sir William Lucas' presentation at S. James', that S. James' was once a hospital for leprous maidens, etc.; or, again, that Chatsworth and Blenheim are the seats of the Dukes of Devonshire and Marlborough?

On the other hand, if Mrs. Boas had given us the complete text there are many passages on which she might have written useful and illuminating notes. Thus we might have been told something about the etiquette of dancing in Jane Austen's day, about the monthly assemblies, about Boulangers, about the practice of "standing up" with one's partner, and of dancing two dances consecutively with the same. She might have contrasted this last custom with the slightly earlier one of dancing for the whole evening with the same partner.

Or Mrs. Boas might have given us a note on the different habits that governed meals in those times—the absence of luncheon, the early dinner, followed later by tea, etc. We might have had notes on the different games played at that period, or on the internal evidence for the date of the book as shown by the mention of the camp at Brighton and the restoration of peace. Then again there are quite a number of disputed readings in the text about which Mrs. Boas has not a word to say, although in several cases she gives what we consider to be the correct version. It is true that the points are in most cases small—a misplaced comma here or a wrong letter there—but to the born textual critic no point is too small in dealing with a classic.

Let us set out briefly some of the disputed passages in this particular novel, contenting ourselves with the statement that, in addition to the three editions which appeared in the author's lifetime, the chief authorities are the text given by Messrs. Bentley in their original "Standard Novel" series and that for which Mr. Brimley Johnson was responsible in the edition published by Messrs. Dent in 1892. Subsequent editions have usually followed one of these two latter texts.

1. One of the first passages which is frequently misprinted is in Chapter XIX., where Mr. Collins in the course of his proposal to Elizabeth quotes the advice of his very noble patroness. Bentley's edition here reads:

"Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman for my sake, and for your own; let her be an active, useful sort of person not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way."

By transposing a comma and a semicolon the printer has here succeeded in perverting a most characteristic piece of advice of Lady Catherine's. The first three

editions all read "Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman for my sake; and for your own, let her be an active, useful sort of person", etc., and there can hardly be two opinions as to which reading is the right one.

2. In Chapter XXXVI., where Elizabeth is reviewing her conduct towards Darcy, Bentley's edition, following the first and second editions, makes her exclaim:

"How despicably have I acted," she cried; "I, who have prided myself on my discernment! I, who have valued myself on my abilities! who have often disdained the generous candour of my sister, and gratified my vanity in useless or blameless distrust."

"Blameless" makes little or no sense, and we should surely follow the third edition, which gives "blameable".

3. In Chapter L., where Mrs. Bennet is discussing the various houses in the neighbourhood which might suit Wickham and Lydia, Mr. Bennet is made in Bentley's and all subsequent editions to remark:

"Mrs. Bennet, before you take any or all of these houses for your son and daughter, let us come to a right understanding. Into one house in this neighbourhood they shall never have admittance. I will not encourage the imprudence of either, by receiving them at Longbourn."

Now "imprudence" seems distinctly below Mr. Bennet's usual form, and we should probably follow the first and second editions and read "impudence". Compare the sentence in Chapter LVII., where Mr. Bennet, talking of Mr. Collins' correspondence, says:

"When I read a letter of his, I cannot help giving him the preference even over Wickham, much as I value the impudence and hypocrisy of my son-in-law."

It is the third edition that has here gone astray and misled all the others.

4. Chapter LIV., when Bingley and Darcy have been dining at Longbourn. We read in Mr. Johnson's edition:

The gentlemen came; and she thought he looked as if he would have answered her hopes; but alas! the ladies had crowded round the table, where Miss Bennet was taking tea, and Elizabeth pouring out the coffee.

This is an ingenious little misprint, for what Miss Bennet, who was one of the hostesses, was doing was not *taking* tea, of course, but *making* tea. The early editions and Bentley's all read "making".

5. Chapter LIV., where Jane is trying to persuade Elizabeth that she is in no danger of falling in love with Bingley again, Bentley's edition reads:

"You are very cruel," said her sister [i.e. Elizabeth], "you will not let me smile, and are provoking me to it every moment."

"How hard it is in some cases to be believed! And how impossible in others! But why should you wish to persuade me that I feel more than I acknowledge?"

"That is a question which I hardly know how to answer."

Now, if we turn to the first three editions, we find the passage broken up as follows:

"You are very cruel," said her sister, "you will not let me smile, and are provoking me to it every moment."

"How hard it is in some cases to be believed! And how impossible in others!"

"But why should you wish to persuade me that I feel more than I acknowledge?"

"That is a question which I hardly know how to answer."

This is the only passage which we can correct on the authority of the author herself. In a letter dated 4 February 1813 she says, referring to the first edition of "Pride and Prejudice": "The greatest blunder in printing is in p. 220, v. 3, where two sentences are made into one". Unfortunately, in trying to correct the mistake, Bentley's edition fell into another, and Mr. Johnson was the first to break up the sentences correctly. The passage should of course run:

"You are very cruel," said her sister, "you will not let me smile, and are provoking me to it every moment."

"How hard it is in some cases to be believed!"

"And how impossible in others!"

"But why should you wish to persuade me that I feel more than I acknowledge?"

"That is a question which I hardly know how to answer."

6. Chapter LV., when Jane's engagement to Bingley

had been arranged, Bentley's edition, following the third edition, reads:

Elizabeth, who was left by herself, now smiled at the rapidity and ease with which an affair was finally settled, that had given them so many previous months of surprise and vexation.

"Surprise" does not seem quite so suitable a word as "suspense", which is found in the first and second editions.

7. Chapter LV., where Jane is talking to Elizabeth about Bingley, Mr. Johnson's edition, following the first three editions, reads:

"Would you believe it, Lizzy, that when he went to town last November, he really loved me, and nothing but a persuasion of my being indifferent would have prevented his coming down again!"

"He made a little mistake, to be sure; but it is to the credit of his modesty."

This naturally introduced a panegyric from Jane on his diffidence, and the little value he put on his own good qualities.

Elizabeth was pleased to find that he had not betrayed the interference of his friends; for, though Jane had the most generous and forgiving heart in the world, she knew it was a circumstance which must prejudice her against him.

As this last paragraph stands "him" can hardly refer to anyone else but Bingley, which makes nonsense. Nothing was likely to prejudice Jane against him; besides, it was not his "friends" who had interfered, but his "friend" Darcy. There can be no doubt, therefore, that we ought to read, with Bentley's edition, "friend", and then "him" will refer to Darcy, against whom Lizzie was very anxious on her own account that Jane should not be prejudiced.

8. Chapter LVI., when Lady Catherine is trying to browbeat Elizabeth, Mr. Johnson reads in his edition of 1892:

"While in their cradles, we planned the union: and now, at the moment when the wishes of both sisters would be accomplished in their marriage, to be prevented by a young woman of inferior birth, of no importance in the world, and wholly unallied to the family?"

Here, if we are to retain the interrogation mark, we must obviously read "is their marriage" instead of "in their marriage", and place the comma three words earlier. Otherwise we may keep the present text and substitute a note of exclamation at the end of the sentence.

These are some of the passages which in our opinion will deserve at least a note whenever the definite edition—and next year will be the centenary of the publication of "Sense and Sensibility"—of Jane Austen's novels shall see the light.

DULL DAYS.

"Rare Days in Japan." By G. T. Ladd. London: Longmans, 1910. 10s. 6d. net.

THERE is a poor little reptile called a slow-worm, or blind-worm. It affects the airs of a snake and is only an unhappy lizard to which the luxury of legs has been denied. It is not beautiful, and it is difficult to say what useful part it plays in the general economy of nature. At the same time it is perfectly harmless. There are many books published which almost exactly correspond with the description of the slow-worm. Mr. Ladd's book, "Rare Days in Japan" (would that they had been rarer!), is one of those books. It possesses neither use nor beauty, and it is as harmless as cowslip tea. No one will be the better, no one the worse, for reading it. Mr. Ladd is an American gentleman who appears to have visited Japan thrice between the years 1892 and 1906. The three visits are strangely jumbled up, so that it is sometimes a little difficult to make out to which visit a given page refers. Mr. Ladd went out as a lecturer, upon what subject is not quite clear—at any rate it may be hoped that the lectures contained more enlightenment than his book. He seems to have wandered about a little in the beaten tracks, concerning which he has no new facts to tell us; on the other hand, he hashes up a great deal that has been better told by writers who are now countless, for every man or woman who travels to the Far East seems to be at once infected by the microbe of the cacoethes scribendi, for the

sterilisation of which, so far, no vaccine has apparently been invented.

Mr. Ladd's personal adventures in Japan were singularly free from anything which could arouse emotion in his readers. On one occasion he met a bull, or as he with his literary skill puts it, "a full-grown male of the domestic bovine species". As Mr. Ladd and the "full-grown male" were at opposite ends of a tunnel the meeting might have been awkward, but fortunately the "full-grown male" appears to have been as much frightened by Mr. Ladd as the latter was by him, for he turned tail and fled, leaving the "full-grown" lecturer to pursue his way in peace. Setting on one side this incident of palpitating interest, the book may be recommended to any person suffering from nerves or heart, who has been bidden by his doctor to take his reading in a calm and unexciting shape.

The scraps of second-hand history and legendary lore with which the pages of the "Rare Days" are interlarded are sometimes grotesque. Who, for instance, would recognise under the title of the Baron of Hikoné the famous Daimio, Li Kamon no Kami, who as Prime Minister, or Tairo of the Shogun, was murdered on account of the part which he played in the early days of foreign intercourse. Why call him a "Baron", a title which is all the more confusing as a few years later, after the revolution, the Japanese abolished the titles of nobility which existed up to that time and adopted the five ranks of hereditary nobility borrowed from China, of which the lowest, Dan, is translated by Baron? But not content with that, on page 252 Mr. Ladd degrades him into a Baronet! "On the death, without male issue, of his oldest (sic) brother, Naosuké was declared heir-apparent of the Hikoné Baronetcy"! Was there ever such nonsense? Why not have preserved the good old Japanese title? The ruffians who did Li Kamon no Kami to death scarcely dealt more cruelly with him than this Mr. Ladd.

Of course, seeing that the author is an American, we are treated (for the how many hundredth time?) to the story of Commodore Perry's arrival in Japan in 1853—a most interesting episode pregnant with consequences, but surely one that it was not necessary to serve up again. Neither was it needful once more to tell the story of Mr. Harris' able diplomacy. The negotiations which he carried out with such consummate skill, and the excellent advice which he gave to the Japanese at what was perhaps the most critical moment of their history, have been fully recognised and cannot be forgotten. At the same time they have served as padding for so many trumpery books on Japan that one begins to feel towards Mr. Harris something of the impatience exhibited by Betsy Prig at the too-frequent mention of his even more famous namesake.

Mr. Ladd in his preface is deservedly hard upon the makers of books upon Japan. At the same time he would have us to understand, though he does not explicitly say as much, that he would have been able had he so chosen to give the world something which would have set straight all these errors of the penmen. "To correct even, much more to counteract, the influence of the far greater number [of books] which, if the wish of the world is to know the truth, might well never have been written, is a thankless and a hopeless task for any one author to essay." It would have been interesting to see how Mr. Ladd would succeed in such a task. Modestly he held his hand. He contented himself with adding one more to the books "which might well never have been written". In his discrimination of one author, Lafcadio Hearn, it seems to us that Mr. Ladd takes a correct view. Fascinating as Lafcadio Hearn's writings are, it must be admitted that he was a mystic, an idealist, who saw a Japan which was largely the creation of his own poetical and fanciful imagination. This defect Mr. Ladd seems to have appreciated. But without question it is this very defect which invests Hearn's books with the peculiar charm and glamour which have exercised so much influence upon the more humdrum minds of the West.

The last chapter of Mr. Ladd's book deals with four audiences which the Emperor was pleased to grant him.

Upon these he dwells with a gusto which is quite refreshing. He is received at a "comparatively private" door. He is ushered into the presence and led out again by the gentleman in waiting, as to whom he has "a sly suspicion that they at least consider, and not altogether unnaturally, this sort of service toward foreigners to be something of a bore". He is left for a while "to my reflections in the completest indoor solitude. The silence was impressive, profound". The distant cawing of a crow, or muffled footsteps in some far-off corridor, were the only sounds which broke in upon his reverie. "What should I do? How explain my presence, with my scanty knowledge of Japanese, to persons who know no English? How escape from the Palace, in case there should have been any misunderstanding about the matter?" There was no such misunderstanding. He was most graciously received. His Majesty thanked him for such work as he had done, said that "he had heard of my intention soon to depart for home, wished me a safe and prosperous journey, and expressed the hope that my family and friends would be found in health and prosperity on my arrival". It was kind and flattering of the Son of Heaven to take such benevolent notice of a wandering lecturer. His words were not precisely thrilling—words spoken on such occasions never are—though to Mr. Ladd they were penetrated with a deep significance, "because they seemed to me to throw light upon his (the Emperor's) personality as a man and as a ruler of men". The Emperor has taken better means than the utterance of a few courtly phrases to impress upon the world the sense of a personality which commands the highest respect.

The book is illustrated by twenty-four photographs, a very few of which are tolerable. Of the rest—especially of the frontispiece—the less said the kinder.

PARLIAMENTARY CHESTNUTS.

"The Mother of Parliaments." By Harry Graham. London: Methuen. 1910. 10s. 6d. net.

MR. HARRY GRAHAM sat as Conservative member for one of the divisions of S. Pancras for nearly fifteen years. He was popular with all parties, for, having no political ambition himself, he interfered with the game of nobody else. He never spoke and never wanted to do things or to intrigue, but he was affable and always ready to chat or be chatted to in cosy corners. He has travelled and written a good many books. This somewhat voluminous volume on Parliament is like the father that begot it: pleasant, rambling, informative, though frequently inaccurate and rather over-stuffed with chestnuts in a more or less damaged condition. The subject is a fairly threadbare one, but Mr. Graham has collected some amusing and instructive chapters on the earlier history of Parliament before the fire in 1834. He brings before us vividly enough the picture of the draughty, ill-lighted chapel, the wooden benches without backs, or even cushioned seats, the orangewomen higgling and chaffing with members in the outer lobby, and, horrible to relate, the rats running about the floor. It took from 1837 to 1852 to build the palace of Westminster as we know it, and by an insane parsimony Barry's original design was truncated. Where in the interval did the House of Commons sit? Mr. Graham does not tell us—what we would like to know—where Disraeli delivered his famous speeches against Peel and Free Trade. Disraeli, by the way, was not the author of "Thank God, there is a House of Lords": the expression had become common parlance before he entered politics. A much worse blunder, one indeed inexcusable in an educated man, to say nothing of a politician and an author, is the confusion of David Hume, the philosopher and historian, with Joseph Hume, the radical reformer and economist. On page 76 we are told that "David Hume, whose devotion to duty prevented him from leaving his seat in the Chamber, was in the habit of providing himself with a generous supply of pears", etc.

David Hume never was in the House of Commons, and died in 1776, the year before Joseph Hume was born. We are sorry to be obliged to add that there are many other inaccuracies in the book almost as bad. For instance, in writing of violent language in the House Mr. Graham refers to O'Connell's description of Disraeli as a descendant from the impenitent thief on the Cross. This of course was not said in Parliament, but at a public meeting in Ireland some years before Disraeli was a member. Lord Alvanley had certainly been in his grave sixty years or so before an irritable M.F.H. said to a late M.P., who could not hold his horse, "Ice him, Gunter; ice him". Yet Mr. Graham puts this story into Lord Alvanley's mouth! The best chapter in the book is that on parliamentary eloquence, which contains many just and shrewd observations on the obsolescent art of oratory. The portion of this work devoted to the explanation of modern parliamentary procedure is not likely to be very interesting or intelligible to the outsider, and as the rules of business are constantly being changed it cannot be of permanent value. Mr. Graham must have expended considerable labour in putting this book together. Those who do not know or care very much about politics will, we think, be entertained, and if some good stories have been spoiled, and there has been a general laxity as to dates, will they not yet be better off than they were before?

HOME AND PIFFLING.

"The English Home." By Banister F. Fletcher and H. Phillips Fletcher. London: Methuen. 1910. 12s. 6d.

"Handicrafts in the Home." By Mabel Tuke Priestman. London: Methuen. 1910. 10s. 6d.

WE presume that Mr. Banister Fletcher's book is intended chiefly for the guidance of people who wish to build or to rebuild houses. On people who are obliged to live in a house already built—which they have not the power to alter—we can imagine this book may have a most disquieting effect. Hitherto content, in happy ignorance, with the more or less effective and old-fashioned appliances, and with apparently healthy foundations, they will begin, enlightened by Mr. Fletcher, to suspect hidden dangers in soil and drainage and disastrous imperfections in pipes and cisterns. For such there will be no peace of mind until they have either forgotten what it was they read which alarmed them or discovered that remedies are usually impracticable owing to the inscrutable ways of the plumber. Then they sink back into the old security. But the would-be designer and builder of a house is a comparatively free man, unhampered save by considerations of expense, and very frequently with only too open a mind as regards style and practicability. He has usually only a vague mental picture of what he wants, and but small knowledge of either the necessities of construction or of æsthetic values. His natural taste is probably bad or at best commonplace, and his ideas are limited. To such a man "The English Home" will be most helpful. The authors start with a brief and accurate history of the development of the English house from Saxon times to the present day, and then deal in a simple and popular way with every stage in its construction, from the choice of a site to the selection of taps and finger-plates. The illustrations include pictures and ground plans, with short descriptions, of houses and cottages of varying kinds and prices, suitable to people chiefly of the middle classes. The designs are by architects of note, and are in most instances of pleasant appearance and convenient in their arrangements. The only design of conspicuous beauty is that of "Grey Walls" by Mr. Edwin Lutyens. In the matter of decoration the Messrs. Fletcher's ideas will not startle the Philistine nor, on the other hand, to do them justice, will they outrage the artist, even if they do not delight him. They have a weakness for low-beamed roofs, and ingle-nooks, and sitting-halls broken

up by semi-partitions and screens, also for dadoes and friezes of the inoffensive sort. Their designs for exteriors are somewhat excrescent in turrets and balconies, and appear in one or two instances to bristle with what to many would be offensive ornament. Their advice, however, is always expert and plainly expressed, and will give the would-be builder some idea of what he can achieve with the means at his command. It is of course obvious that if he chooses a bad architect his scanty knowledge derived from a book will in no way save him from disaster; while if, on the other hand, he entrusts his commission to a good architect the latter will only be irritated by suggestions offered out of incomplete comprehension of a difficult subject.

This book, however, is far less dangerous than "Handicrafts in the Home", a work we should hesitate to place in the hands of any woman save one of an incurably idle and unenterprising disposition. We never realised until we read Miss Priestman's book all the horrible possibilities that lie within the scope of amateur craftsmanship: marine mosaics, pyrography, beaded drawn-work, and imitation stained glass are but a few. The tracing-paper-covered window is a particularly bad example. No view, however ugly, could be worse. The author urges in her preface that such occupations as rug making and weaving are of great value in occupying the dreary hours of invalids or aged people, "those who are physically exhausted or mentally deficient". We would not wish to discourage any attempt to brighten the lives of the unfortunate. We only venture to point out that a great deal of the work described appears to us to require extraordinary dexterity and unusual muscular power; while the explanations of the processes, partly no doubt owing to the difficulty the author finds in saying what she means, are certainly beyond the comprehension of the "mentally deficient". It is not, however, the artistic efforts of this class which are to be dreaded so much as the productions of those to whom Miss Priestman wishes to teach "the joy of bringing the creative faculty into force". She describes the pathetically empty lives of women who "in the winter . . . sit in a chair by the window, with the shade almost down, peeping at the passer-by, and in the summer . . . rock for hours on the porch. They frequent the waiting-rooms of the railway station and large stores merely to kill time and to watch those around them". Let us hasten to explain that Miss Priestman is an American, and is describing her countrywomen. We shudder to think of the kind of work such women are likely to produce when their "creative faculty" has been awakened. An intelligent woman is never at a loss for occupation, and if she has only slender means, a constant amount of plain needlework is always necessary. The appreciation of beauty is all that can be required of most people; and it is a grave mistake to encourage the incompetent to waste time and money in the production of trifles.

NOVELS.

"The Wreck of the Golden Galleon." By Lucas Malet. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1910. 5s. net.

This is an exquisite little tale, abounding in the humour and pathos of which Lucas Malet is master. The story has nothing to do with marine adventure or Spanish buccaneers, as its title might suggest. The Golden Galleon is one of those silver-gilt toy models manufactured by some Dutch silversmith in the past, and presented to Miss Miranda Povey, a spinster of fifty, who lives with her aunt in Talavera Crescent, Hoxton, by Willy Evans, their unique lodger. The Golden Galleon in blue velvet case represents poor Miss Miranda's life-dream, for she is in love with Willy Evans, a bright, up-to-date, efficient young man, who sings with "a fruity tenor" catchy hymns to his own accompaniment, and kisses Auntie My and Other Auntie. Willy Evans is clerk in a coal-merchant's office in the district; but he is "determined to arrive" somehow, and talks eloquently about his career, and

the crimes of the rich, and the miseries of the poor. According to the retired oil-and-colour man next door, a sound Conservative, "he mixed himself up with the Socialist lot—low-class foreign ruffians who stop at nothing". The two spinsters listen enraptured to Willy's rhetoric about property being theft and the righteousness of stripping the rich and turning them out of doors, firmly believing that their young favourite will be Prime Minister. To follow his career Willy leaves his lodging with the two old ladies, and one evening in a fog he tumbles hurriedly into the passage, with strange oaths very shocking to Miss Miranda, who happens to be alone, and a heavy bag, out of which he draws, in his old bedroom upstairs, pearls and jewels and plate. He easily persuades Aunt My, to whom he presents the Golden Galleon, that he has gone into partnership with some antique dealers, and she agrees to keep the valuables in her bedroom in a tin-box, which Willy visits periodically. The Conservative oil-and-colour man next door is under no illusions about Willy, and after watching for some weeks takes the police into his confidence. Willy is discovered one night by Aunt My sitting in their little dining-room very pale, with his head and ear covered with whitey-brown bandages, and explaining that he has been run over by a tramcar in the fog.

(Continued on page 618.)

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Whilst he is being petted by Aunt My, two "tecs." arrive, whom Willy tries unsuccessfully to run through, and the game is up. Willy turns out to be one of a well-known gang of burglars, and the Golden Galleon is wrecked. The subsequent conversation between the Misses Povey's charwoman, with a face like an old omnibus-horse, and the slavey next door about "the pore young man" who was "put away by Old Holy Blazes" (the Conservative colour-man) is perfect and full of humour and knowledge of the lowest class.

"The Rest Cure." By W. B. Maxwell. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s. net.

Mr. Maxwell has the quality that pays. However impossibly his people behave, he grips the reader hard. This comes of his ability to see quite clearly what his people are about, and to describe it clearly and well. "The Rest Cure" is all through a good story. The worst is that much of the action turns upon the impossible conduct of the two chief characters at the moment of crisis. John Barnard and his wife drift away from each other because John Barnard is a busy man whose world is a world of facts. There is a symmetrical faithlessness—John Barnard turns to his lady secretary, his wife to a picturesque cousin. The faithlessness on both sides is very feebly explained. Mr. Maxwell shirks the business in both cases, and the double lapse only succeeds in being wildly improbable, given the characters as they stand. The situation which arises from it at the close of the story is well worked out, but the weak foundation altogether spoils the effect.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Madame Royale, the Last Dauphine." By Joseph Turquan. Edited and Translated by the Lady Theodora Davidson. London: Fisher Unwin. 1910. 15s. net.

The story of Madame Royale was worth telling, and M. Turquan has done it with skill and discretion. He has not been led away, as less experienced writers might have been, into long disquisitions on events already too often related. His story is rigidly confined to those which directly affected the subject of the monograph. The daughter of Louis XVI. was born with all the family pride, but with qualities of decision and resolution which might have saved her father had he possessed them. She had few of her mother's graces, none of her frivolity, and all her contempt for the mob. As Napoleon said, she was the only man of the family. It is quite evident that even after the terrible three years she passed in the Temple she still possessed much sweetness of disposition and charm of manner. Had she been suitably married her subsequent career would have been very different from what it was. Her husband, the Duc d'Angoulême, eldest son of the Comte d'Artois, was contemptible both in body and mind, and her character was soured by a marriage which was so only in name. Her position as the niece of two kings and the wife of the heir to the throne should have made her an important factor in rallying society to the support of the dynasty, seeing that she was also the sole surviving child of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Unfortunately her cold and repellent manners alienated both the old friends of the Bourbons and the ralliés. It is not surprising indeed that she found it difficult to smile and be gracious amidst the applause of the Parisian mob. Tradition says that she muttered "Salut plus bas, vile canaille, salut plus bas". The author does not repeat the story, but his account of her demeanour renders it probable. To retain their throne both she and her husband—her father-in-law too—wanted some of the bonhomie of our Charles II., and of his cynical resolution not to go on his travels again. Madame Royale had much more sense than Charles X. and the Duc d'Angoulême, and had she been listened to the ridiculous "ordonnances" which lost Charles his throne would not have been published. The translation is well done, and the book is illustrated with some excellent portraits.

"Charles de Bourbon, Constable of France." By Christopher Hare. London: Lane. 1910. 12s. 6d. net.

The story of Charles de Montpensier, Duc de Bourbon—Coriolanus in a late mediæval setting—offers itself very readily to the writer of picturesque history. Slighted in

honour, and threatened with robbery of his estates, he knew he must leave France or lose his head. The rest of his days were spent in the Emperor's service fighting against the king of his old allegiance. He was ready in word and splendid in deed, and had he lived he might have averted all the horrors of the sack of Rome. He was an heroic figure, and never out of touch with the great events of his time. Mr. Hare could not miss the interest of his theme. We are glad that he has not made too much of the part played by Louise de Savoie in the Constable's downfall. In fact, Mr. Hare is out to tell an honest story—this is not one of the pornographic studies, thinly veiled, which continue to issue regularly from certain publishers. Mr. Hare turns aside from the sack of Rome itself. Here was a great opportunity for a prurient appeal. But Mr. Hare has not wished to make it. He tells a plain tale, which he has collected from the histories and chronicles of the time, from the letters of great men, and from the more accessible State papers.

"Schubert." By Herbert Antcliffe. London: Bell. 1910. 1s. net.

This, the latest addition to Messrs. Bell and Sons' excellent Miniature Series of Musicians, is also one of the best of that series. Mr. Antcliffe is a Schubert enthusiast, but enthusiastic within the bounds of reason. In less than seventy pages he has managed to compress a great deal of sympathetic but fair criticism, besides giving us an adequate summary of the composer's outer life. His handling of the subject of the German lied, and how Schubert developed it into a complete and satisfactory form of art, is especially clear. Before Schubert there had been on the one hand the songs of the people, and on the other arias which might have come out of some opera. Schubert effected a fusion of the two things. His melodies are direct, but they are treated with magnificent technical skill, and the result is his songs are not merely the best of a class, but absolutely stand alone; as a well-known critic once pointed out, many of them are miniature music-dramas. Yet one cannot say Schubert essayed to force more into the form than it would hold; in his masterpieces, such as "The Erl-king", "The Young Nun", "The Wanderer", form and material are in perfect accord and proportion. It is not everyone who is as ardent as Mr. Antcliffe about the chamber-music. But he is never extravagant and has produced an admirable little book.

THE NOVEMBER REVIEWS.

The revolution in Portugal does not claim as much attention in the reviews as the subject might seem to demand. The "National" has two notes, the "Westminster Review" ignores it altogether, the "Nineteenth Century" has an article by Mr. Francis McCullagh, in the "Fortnightly" Mr. J. L. Garvin treats it among the events of the month and Mr. Mackenzie Bell has an article on "Portugal Old and New", whilst the "Contemporary" and the "English Review" print similar articles from one pen—Dr. Dillon's. Mr. McCullagh treats the subject mainly on the anti-clerical side. He shows how slender is the case against the Jesuits. The Portuguese were taught to regard their decline as due to clericalism, and in Mr. McCullagh's view "the revolution was simply an anti-Jesuit and anti-clerical outburst of which the Republicans took advantage in order to compass the overthrow of the dynasty and the monarchy". He regards the atheistical and anarchical associations called in to assist the revolution as the most disquieting feature of the affair. Mr. Garvin wonders how a State whose countrypeople, at least, are full of superstition and "dumb attachment to the Church" will get along under a régime of "aggressive secularism". Mr. Garvin's account of the political events that paved the way of the revolutionists from the time of the assassination of King Carlos and his son varies little from that of Dr. Dillon in the "Contemporary". Responsibility is fixed at the door of the Monarchists themselves. They are, indeed, charged with having been privy to the crime, and that perhaps accounts for their shameful failure to bring the regicides to justice. The game of Spenlow and Jorkins played by so-called Monarchists under the name of Progressists and Regenerators, giving office to one and place to the other alternately, culminated in the King's despairing selection of Teixeira de Sousa to form a Government. In the critical state of affairs at the end of September and beginning of October the Prime Minister, with intent or not, made the way of the revolutionaries easy. If he had been a secret Republican he could not better have served the King's enemies. What the Republic will do no

(Continued on page 620.)

A NEW RUSSIAN OILFIELD

Maily-Say, Ferghana, Russian Turkestan.

In the province of Ferghana, Russian Turkestan, about forty-seven miles from Andijan, the present terminus of the Transcaspian Railway, is an estate known as Maily-Say. This estate was granted by the Russian Government to the late Prince Khilkoff (formerly Minister of Russian Highways of Communication) by virtue of the Imperial Decisions of May 8, 1905, December 30, 1906, and August 11, 1907, and Prince Khilkoff took formal possession of the property on October 6, 1907. In course of time Prince Khilkoff died, and under his will the concession was transferred to Madame Valoueff, which transfer was duly approved by the Russian Ministry of Commerce and Industry on June 10, 1909. Although it might appear, because the property is situated in Russian Turkestan, that it is difficult of access, this is not so. Trains de luxe start from Moscow and Orenburg, and, passing through Tashkent, run as far as Andijan. There is therefore very easy access to the property, which can be reached from London in about thirteen days.

The province of Ferghana is to all intents and purposes practically a new oilfield—it is unknown except to those interested directly in oil, and one might therefore hesitate to believe that it is an oilfield, or if it is that it could be worked at a profit, but such is the case.

As far back as 1891, the geologist Michenkoff, in an official report made by the order of the Governor-General of Turkestan, gave with precision the position of the petroliferous deposits of this region, and also drew up a map of the district.

Three years ago—that is to say, since the end of the Russo-Japanese War—Prince Khilkoff, the eminent Russian Minister who for twelve years directed the Department of Public Works with prodigious activity, and who gave proof of an authority and initiative which have made his name popular in the whole of Europe, as well as in Asia and America, personally interested himself in the boring operations. Two wells were sunk under his direction.

The first well, which was only 6 in. in diameter, encountered naphtha at a shallow depth, and immediately a second well of a more considerable size (14 in.) was undertaken.

In January 1908 a telegram announced at St. Petersburg that the second bore then in progress, and the most important, had reached the naphtha and quite suddenly had given place to a considerable eruption. Prince Khilkoff went immediately to the spot.

The two wells are very close to each other, situated on the right bank of the Naryn, 15 kilometres from this river, above the point where it joins the Kara-Daria, in a region of little hills, 1,450 ft. high, on the lesser chains of the Sousamir Mountains.

The first well encountered flowing naphtha at a depth of 82 sagues (172 metres or 573 feet) and gave 2,000 poods (72,000 lbs.) of oil in twenty-four hours.

The second well, that which has the greater diameter, reached the naphtha at a depth of 98 sagues (206 metres or 687 feet). It has been giving since January 1908, continuously, a jet of oil equal to 7,000 poods (252,000 lbs.) in twenty-four hours.

Ferghana naphtha is of a different quality to that of Baku, and contains very light benzines and a large quantity of paraffin. The analysis of the Ferghana naphtha shows the presence of:—

- 6 per cent. of light and heavy benzine
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- 55 per cent. of residues, and
- 6 per cent. of paraffin.

OIL FUEL.

RUSSIAN STATE RAILWAY RETURNS.

The latest returns issued by the Russian State Railways for the year 1907 give in Table V. the following particulars of OIL FUEL consumed by the two lines traversing Central Asia, viz.:—

	POODS.	TONS.
Page 8, No. 15, Sredne-Aziatskaja Doroga (Mid-Asiatic Railway)...	8,404,540	135,490
Page 12, No. 19, Tashkentskaja Doroga (Tashkend Railway) ...	8,865,804	142,930
Total consumed in 1907 by both lines	17,270,344	278,420

The Russian State Railway returns for 1908 have not yet been published, but it has been ascertained that the two Central Asiatic lines consumed in 1908 the following quantities of oil fuel:—

	POODS.	TONS.
Mid-Asiatic Railway	8,356,883	134,727
Tashkend Railway	9,870,226	159,125
	18,227,111	293,852

thus showing an increase of over 15,400 tons for that year, and owing to the rapid development of commerce and industry in Russian Asia, and particularly in the Ferghana Province, the consumption should steadily increase from year to year. As an example of the striking and rapid expansion of the two railway lines in question and the industries in the regions they traverse, it may be stated that the Mid-Asiatic Railway alone handled for their own consumption of fuel oil and supplies transported to mills, factories, &c., the following quantities:—

	POODS.	TONS.
1900	5,718,556	92,193
1901	6,685,434	107,780
1902	8,210,471	132,366
1903	17,736,041	285,918

It is thus seen that as early as 1903 one line alone handled nearly 18,000,000 poods (290,160 tons) for its own fuel consumption and the requirements of the industrial and manufacturing community for which it mainly operates. From the foregoing figures it is seen that this quantity was exceeded in 1908 by both railway lines for their own fuel consumption alone.

In addition to the two lines above mentioned, the projected line that is to link up the Aral-Khiva Steamboat Service with Turkestan and Siberia will still further increase the demand for oil by the railways, to say nothing of the great incentive to industry and the enormous development of the untold wealth of Turkestan that will result therefrom. The awakening of Turkestan, which began with the completion of the Central Asiatic Railway, has created a demand for oil that it will be difficult to cope with, and the present cry for more oil will become ever more persistent and pressing in Central Asia.

The loans floated in London at the end of September this year, under the sanction and guarantee of the Russian Imperial Government, for the purpose of providing funds for the construction and working of the Troitsk Railway and Kokand Namangan Railway, issued in the shape of 4½ per cent. bonds, are an earnest of the above-mentioned projects for the building of a network of lines for the further opening up and development of Central Asia.

THE DEMAND FOR OIL IN FERGHANA.

Ferghana is in the very heart of Central Asia, in a densely populated and fertile region containing several large towns, the principal one being Tashkend with 200,000 inhabitants. Lighting is a brisk and remunerative business; every little hut is illuminated by at least two petroleum lamps, while most houses have a great variety of lamps burning all night. This alone constitutes a ready and steady market close to the wells, but in addition a big caravan trade is carried on with the outlying provinces and countries, all of which are densely populated and will doubtlessly also become good markets.

In addition to the two Central Asiatic Railways, which could consume more than the total output during the first year or two after laying down a pipe-line, a far more remunerative outlet could be found in the numerous cotton mills, cotton-seed oil factories, rice mills, and other factories in the region traversed by the railway, all of which have attained the highest development and prosperity. The total production of cotton alone in the Ferghana Province for 1907 was 4,000,000 poods (64,480 tons), out of a total of 5,150,000 poods (83,020 tons) for the whole of Russian Turkestan.

one pretends to know. Mr. Mackenzie Bell says that it is expected by some to go the way of the Spanish Republic of the 'seventies; but for himself he hopes that it will remain and does not believe it will have to pass through the ordeal of tyranny and reaction experienced by the South American Republics. What the new Government has to do is less to reform than to create, says Dr. Dillon. The persons qualified to rebuild are many fewer than the men who "were able and willing to lend a hand in pulling down" what Dr. Dillon describes as "the rotten old fabric of the monarchy". "The Republic", says the "National", "is already discovering that revolution was the easiest part of its task."

In the "Fortnightly" Mr. Sydney Brooks writes on Cuba after twelve years of "hazardous experiment" as a Republic; he is not sanguine, but he says "it looks as though the Cuban Republic might carry on for a number of years without external support". Miss Edith Sellers has a not very sympathetic sketch of "Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria"; Sir J. D. Rees summarises and comments on the "Times" articles on India; and Mr. W. G. Howard Gritten gives some hints to the Unionist party. He discovers that Unionists are suffering from "reprehensible indolence", are developing a "mimetic" tendency, and are dulled by "monochromatic conventionalism". What the party wants most, in Mr. Gritten's opinion, is "first-class candidates". The best men should not fight safe seats, and members should not continually represent the same constituencies. He is not in favour of payment of members, but of a thoroughgoing reform of present conditions of candidature. "Candidates should not be exposed to a coercive mendicancy", but should be relieved of a considerable portion of their present burdens. In the "National" Mr. H. W. Wilson insists again that the British margin of sea power is shrinking and our future trembling in the balance. "What Britain requires is an Act, modelled on German lines, which shall take naval affairs out of politics". M. René Feibelman outlines the difference in the methods of Leopold II. and Albert I. King Albert has broken down the barriers between ruler and ruled, and has shown great qualities of tact and firmness. M. Feibelman suggests that he will be surnamed The Wise. Professor J. H. Morgan in the "Nineteenth Century" discusses the question of a written Constitution. He would not have much of our organic life reduced to writing, but he roams over half the globe in search of reasons for restricting the unwritten powers of the House of Lords. M. Eugène Tavernier in the "Nineteenth Century", and Mr. Laurence Jerrold in the "Contemporary", both deal with the French strikes and the grievances exploited by the Confédération Générale du Travail.

Save for articles on the Portuguese Revolution and Trade Union Unrest, the "English Review" is almost entirely given up to literary essays and sketches. Mr. Laurence Housman publishes Act II. of "Pains and Penalties"—which is little more than the trial of Queen Caroline in the House of Lords edited for the stage. There is a Paris sketch inimitably written by Mr. Arnold Bennett, and a study by Mr. Cunninghame Graham. Very gracefully done—a poem in prose—is a sketch by M. Anton Chekhov. Mr. H. G. Wells this month brings "The New Machiavelli" to an end.

Mr. Walter Sichel in the "Nineteenth Century" writes of the young Disraeli. He does not join the chorus of extravagant praise in his estimate of Mr. Monypenny's achievement. He allows Mr. Monypenny the solid qualities. "He is always lucid, he is correct without being pedantic, and his arrangement evinces a sound discrimination. . . . The chief errors, if I may say so, seem to lie in some want of imagination . . . occasionally, too . . . the style sinks to that of a 'Times' obituary, and the remarks half incline to platitude." Mr. Sichel's article shows a very fair knowledge of the literature of Disraeli's time, and points to a careful study of Disraeli on the literary side. Benjamin Disraeli is this month the chief topic of "Musings without Method" in "Blackwood's Magazine". Mr. Monypenny should be well satisfied with the verdict of "Blackwood"—"his life of Benjamin Disraeli is that rarest thing among political biographies—a living book". "Blackwood" quotes the passage from one of Disraeli's letters, in which he describes an incident of the racquet-court at Malta—an incident as characteristic as any we can remember: "To govern men you must either excel them in their accomplishments or despise them. Clay does the one, I do the other, and we are both equally popular. Affectation tells here even better than wit. Yesterday at the racquet-court, sitting in the gallery among strangers, the ball entered and lightly struck me and fell at my feet. I picked it up, and observing a young rifleman excessively stiff, I humbly requested him to forward its passage to the court, as I had really never thrown a ball in my life. This incident has been the general subject of conversation at all the messes to-day".

One of the most interesting of the miscellaneous articles this month is the reprint in the "Contemporary" of Holman Hunt's article of a generation ago on the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Holman Hunt there tells the story of his own early struggle to become an artist in spite of a father who wished to keep him strictly to business. The abuse and contempt through which the Brotherhood came are graphically but simply treated. The article is to be carried further next month. This month it comes to a period on the words—"at this time our cause seemed hopeless". The "Contemporary" has an article of more living interest in the account given by Madame Maeterlinck of her husband's life and work. The critical account of the progress of his thought is especially interesting, coming from one able to follow it intimately and as a comrade. As to his life and habits there is little to tell. "Indeed, when I have told you that he spends the summer in Normandy, and the winter in the South, that he rises early, visits his flowers and fruits, his bees, his river, his big trees, sets to work, then returns to his garden; that after his meal he goes in for the sports he is fond of—the canoe, the automobile, cycling or walking; that every evening the light of the lamp illumines his reading, and that he goes to bed in good time, you will not know much, for these little customs are but the vessels, larger or smaller, which hold the substance of life". Again in the "Contemporary" there is a study of Björnson by Ella Anker. The author, in the course of her study, compares his work with that of Ibsen. "The contrast between the last plays of the two poets, 'When We Dead Awaken' and 'When the New Vine Blossoms', is characteristic of them. Ibsen's last work is a sentence upon himself; he has loved art, loved his own genius more than life. . . . Now he feels cold and solitude stealing upon him. Björnson's last drama overflows with the joy of life. He loved life and all living creatures, most of all the weakest and tenderest." Mr. Maurice Hewlett writes this month in the "Nineteenth Century". The best thing in his article is the story of Lord Abercorn and the trees. When some visitor remarked to him how well his trees grew, he replied with heat, "Sir, they have nothing else to do". The story is as unexceptionable as is the moral of Mr. Hewlett's inference.

For this Week's Books see pages 622 and 624.

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THE Sixth Ordinary General Meeting of the South African Export Company, Limited, was held on Wednesday, at the offices, Dunster House, 12 Mark Lane, E.C.4. Mr. John J. Stein (Chairman and Managing Director) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. William T. Edwards, A.C.I.S.), having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: We are very pleased to meet you here on this occasion in order to submit for your approval our annual report and accounts, and I presume you will, as usual, take these as read. You will remember that when we met together last year we recommended to you the payment of a dividend of 5 per cent., which, with the 10 per cent. interim dividend declared in the previous June, made up a total dividend of 15 per cent. for the year. I then predicted that the future accounts would also show similarly good results, and am glad to find that this prediction has been more than substantiated, and that we now have the pleasure of recommending a dividend of 20 per cent. for the year to June 30 last, free of income tax. Our figures will speak for themselves, and therefore it is unnecessary for me to trouble you with any long discourse. I only wish to assure you that your directors have the welfare of this business very much at heart, and that they will continue to make every possible effort, not only in the way of endeavouring to maintain your dividends at their present level, but also in striving to uphold the reputation of your Company as trustworthy and reliable shippers, and in so doing we can rely upon retaining the confidence of our English and American buyers. South Africa is now making steady progress, and every year its exports tend to increase. New railways will open up this immense continent more and more, and all this, we hope, will benefit our Company in the near future. In conclusion, I am sure that you will approve of our policy in having set aside a further sum of £1,000 to our reserve account, which now amounts to £5,000. I shall now be happy to answer any questions before moving the adoption of the accounts.

No questions were asked, whereupon the Chairman moved the following resolution: "That the report of the directors and the audited accounts for the year ended June 30, 1910, be now received, approved, and adopted."

Mr. Sidney H. Cotton, in seconding the motion, said that it would be satisfactory to the shareholders to know that the excellent report presented was mainly due to the work of Mr. Stein. That gentleman was not only the Chairman, but was also the commercial agent of the Company, and the shareholders could congratulate themselves that they had such an able man in control.

The motion was carried unanimously.

The Chairman next moved: "That a dividend at the rate of 20 per cent., free of income tax, be now declared out of the net profits of the undertaking for the year ended June 30, 1910, and that such dividend be paid on the 14th inst. to all shareholders on the register of members at November 1 last."

Mr. R. A. S. Hollebhone seconded the resolution, which was unanimously agreed to.

The Chairman then proposed: "That Mr. W. K. Eddis (the retiring director) be re-elected a director of the Company."

Mr. Cotton seconded, and the resolution was adopted unanimously.

On the motion of Mr. H. G. Millar, seconded by Mr. S. Porter, the auditors (Messrs. W. A. Browne & Co.) were unanimously reappointed.

Mr. Hollebhone proposed that a hearty vote of thanks be given to the Chairman and directors for the satisfactory result achieved during the past year, and in doing so congratulated the shareholders upon having at the head of affairs a gentleman of Mr. Stein's capabilities, and upon the bright prospects of the Company for the current year.

Mr. A. A. Tillard seconded the vote, which was unanimously accorded. The Chairman, in acknowledging the compliment, said that no efforts would be spared by his colleagues and himself to make the business a great success.

The proceedings then terminated.

HANS CRESCENT HOTEL, LTD.

THE Fourteenth Annual General Meeting of the Hans Crescent Hotel Company, Limited, was held on Thursday on the company's premises. Mr. Edward Rawlings (Chairman of the company) presided. The Secretary read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' certificate.

The Chairman said the profits of the year showed a decrease of something like £1,000, attributable mainly to the death of his Majesty King Edward, which had a very prejudicial effect upon all high class hotels. There was not much to comment on in the accounts, except that the item repairs and renewals was high. This was attributable chiefly to the fact that the whole of the house had been painted, and that further improvements had been made in heating. The Cadogan Rooms, which, except for temporary purposes, had been unlet for some years past, had now been let, and for a period of several years. They were let to substantial tenants at a net rental of £260 a year. This was not very much in proportion to the amount of capital expended in the experiment of starting those rooms, but it was a certainty; and that certainty of £260 a year, free as it was from rates and taxes and all such encumbrances, was a matter of some congratulation. Another matter on which they had to congratulate themselves was that they had been successful in reducing the amount of their assessment as fixed by the quinquennial valuation.

The decision of the board to pay the same dividend as the year before had been commented upon, and he would give the reasons for their decision. First of all, as he had said, they had let the Cadogan Rooms. These had become a permanent source of income. Second, during the period since the termination of the year under review, on June 30 up till the present time, they had done, and were doing, extremely good business. For the last two months the house had been practically full, and to-day he did not think that rooms could be obtained in it for any visitor. That was a very satisfactory position, and he had full confidence that in paying this dividend, which, of course, would come partly out of the profits earned last year and partly out of the profits made in previous years, it could be done without in the slightest degree prejudicing the dividend for the current year. This, he hoped and believed, would be of a more substantial character. The directors' policy for the last few years had been to make the hotel as comfortable as it could be. It occupied an absolutely unique position, which fact was, to his mind, a very tangible asset. They were in the centre of the best part of the West End of London, yet far from all intents and purposes, as regarded quietness, they might be fifty miles away in the country. People liked this quietness; they liked a restful place with practically no noise, and when they came to the hotel they remained and came again. The cuisine, also, he did not hesitate to say, was second to none in London, and altogether they had established a reputation with regard to this hotel which would bear tangible fruit at no distant date. They had there from time to time members of the very best families. Royalty often stayed there; and when they came once they invariably came back. Indian princes came there. One Indian prince had come there three times. He liked it so well on the first occasion that he returned, and returned again, and was in the hotel that day. There were ladies of social position who made this house their permanent home. They had suites of rooms, which they retained when they were away, paying for them, and they came back to spend a further portion of the year in what they called their home. The management did not advertise the hotel, and did not intend to do so. Their best advertisement was their clientèle. They very rarely lost a good customer. Customers returned from time to time, bringing their friends with them, because of the homelike feeling which pervaded the establishment.

The house was extremely suitable for wedding receptions owing to its quietness and its position. It was very adaptable for the purpose. They

had their share of these functions; sometimes there was a run of weddings. In this connection he would like to say that several people who had visited the hotel and been married from it, when in due course of time their little ones were about to be born came back, giving as their reason for doing so that they felt it was like coming home. A prettier, sweeter, more charming compliment to the manager of the hotel and to the hotel itself it was impossible to conceive. As he had told them, it was the directors' policy to make the hotel as comfortable as possible. They were now reaping the reward of that policy, for the hotel was practically full, and, although they could not look forward to receiving any great dividends, he saw no reason at all, if they went on as they were going on, why at no distant date the preference shareholders should not receive their proper and customary dividend. He looked forward with great hope, more than he had ever done almost since the formation of the company, to the ultimate success of the enterprise in which they were engaged. He had stated the board's policy. He had told them of the peacefulness and quiet of the hotel and its perfect cuisine. Added to that was the fact that they had a thoroughly capable and very popular manager, and one who had surrounded himself with a staff, including his kitchen staff, which was second to none in London. He moved the adoption of the report. Mr. Herbert Bennett seconded.

In reply to a question from Mr. Starke Brown, the Chairman stated that the £200 per annum was net. There were no rates and taxes to be paid by the hotel.

In reply to a question by Mr. Gilbert, the Chairman stated that the tenants of the Cadogan Rooms would do their own repairs.

The motion was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously. On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Dr. Bennett, the retiring director, Lieut.-Colonel Ralph Vivian, was unanimously re-elected. The auditors, Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co., were then re-elected, and with a fee increased from 30 guineas to 40.

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